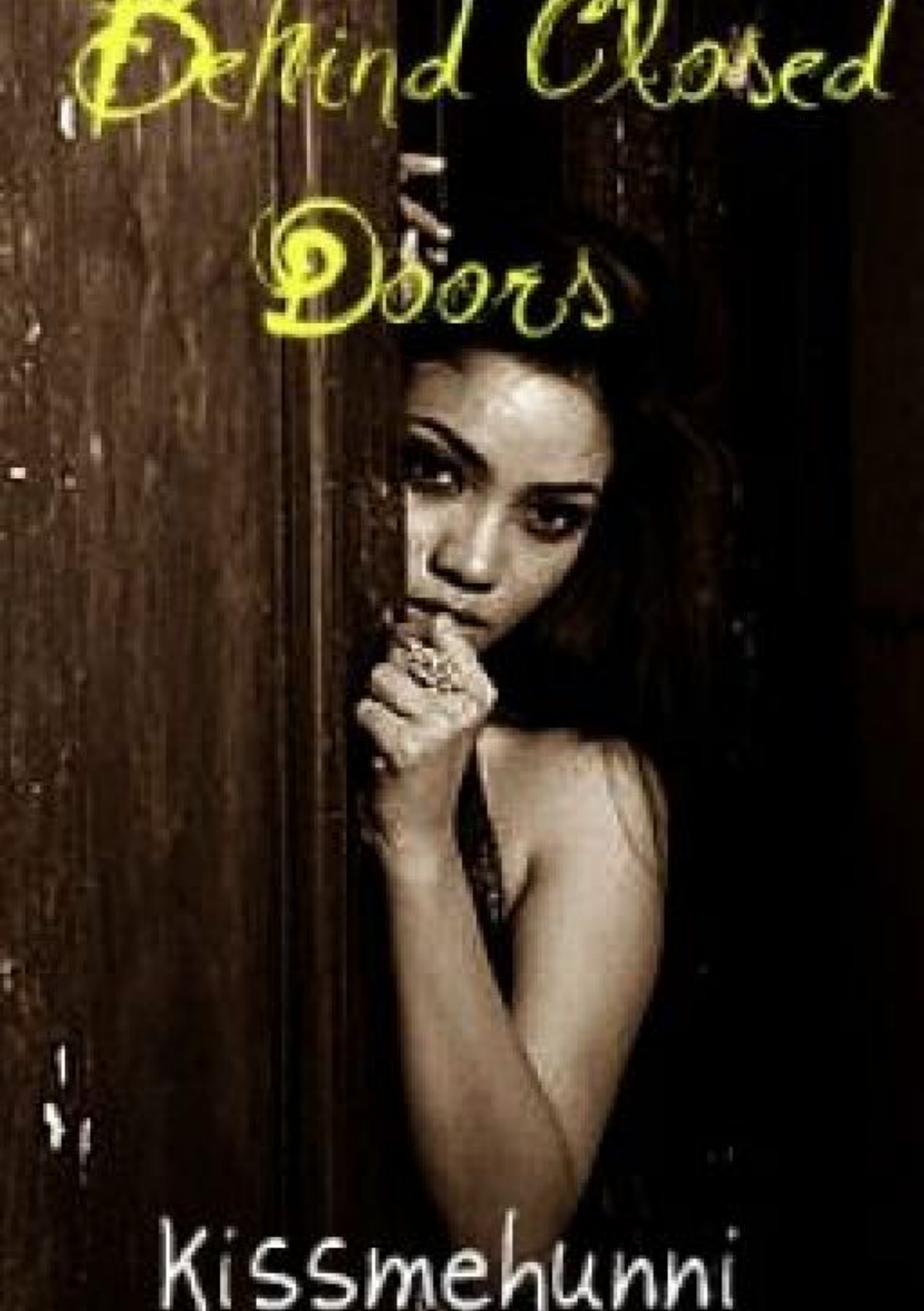
Behind Closed Doors



Kissmehunni

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Behind Closed Doors

By kissmehunni

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Chapter 1

Behind Closed Doors - Prologue

PROLOGUE

I am happy. I am healthy. I am free. If I am hungry, I will be fed. If I am thirsty, my thirst will be quenched. If I am cold, I will be warmed. I am never in need of anything. I never have to ask, as I am always offered. This is the life I crave. This is the life I long to live. This is the life my mama always told me to wish for. This is the life that I do not, and probably will never live... Again. My life is one I would never wish upon anyone else. There are others, many others. We all suffer the pain together. Do you know how much it hurts to have to keep quiet? Betraying your heart has psychological strains that outweigh any physical pain

that could ever be inflicted onto a persons body. I used to have a best friend, Tisha. I always knew that she was loyal to her name aswell as her heart. It meant that she was a strong willed woman, and strong willed she was! She stood up for her beliefs and wasn't afraid to verbalize them either. Maybe in a different world that would have got her far. But her life was short lived, I am guessing anyway. They took her away, just like they took my father , and my brothers. Whereas I on the other hand lied. I lied to save my life. I'd never have anticipated that I would have lost my soul as well. I am alone and I am in eternal agony. Welcome to my world.

"Dionne" he whispers.

"Yes?"

"It's time" he mumbles.

I nod slowly, unable to hide the flash of fear flooding to my eyes. My lips tremble with anticipation and he offers his hand to help me stand.

"Remember what I told you?"

"Every single last detail."

"We've been through it enough times. You should be okay."

"And if not?"

"You'll be seeing me in the next life" he smiles, tightening his grip on my hand.

Chapter 2

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter One

The sun is shining. It would have been a perfect day. If only papa would let me go out. I'm not allowed at the moment. There have been numerous attacks on people in Zimbabwe. Mostly occurring in the town of Gwanda, the capital of Zimbabwe and unfortunately the place where I call home. I have not known any of the people that have been attacked, which I suppose is a good thing as most of them have ended up dead or fighting for their pathetic little life in a hospital somewhere.

I know, my words come as a brutal shock. I must come across as a heartless bitch. I do have a heart, but trust me, when you have been locked away in

your house for over four months without any outside contact, you would not feel so sympathetic to those who have lost their lives either. Being locked up isn't all that its made out to be in fairytales. I am not a damsel in distress and I do not have a prince to come and save me from an eternity in the tower. Those people who have died, at least they got away! I on the otherhand am stuck in this godforsaken house!

In a way I can't really complain, as I do have a very big house and my family are extremely wealthy. My papa tries to keep me as happy as possible. Well, as happy as I can be within four walls. He buys me things, even hires company for me... That sounds so bad right? My own papa pays people to talk to me. He calls them my "expensive friends" - Friends? What does he know! They are all in it for the money. They also watch me. I would even call it spying... Probably under the orders of my papa. It's like having a babysitter at the age of seventeen!

I walk to the bath and start to run the water. It will be my first of the day, though I've already had a shower. It's what keeps the hours ticking each day. It sounds

stranges but when I'm in the shower or the bath, I feel clean on the inside aswell as the outside. It refreshes my soul. It feels as if I'm washing away the empty life that I lead. All my sorrows are drowned away along with the non existent dirt that never graces my skin as I'm never allowed far enough from this house to confront it. My skin ends up sore and red because I've scrubbed so hard and sometimes I scrub to the point of bleeding. I don't care though as it feels good.

I step into the steaming hot water and a small gasp escapes from my lips as the sting hits my scratched legs. Its amazing how one slight change to your environment can change everything. I become very emotional in water. It must be the feeling of something warm on my skin that makes me this way. I get thrills when I feel my own blood run down my frail and fragile body. Its gives me a sense of helplessness. I cannot stop the thick red liquid invading my delicate skin, and that's what makes it feel so nice. The way I feel so out of control. My life in reality is controlled down to every last detail: where I go, what I eat, what I do. But when I am on my own,

drawing my own blood, I have no way of stopping it and no way of finding help. I'm helpless and out of control.

I have not told anyone about my secret obsession. Why? Because if I did, my parents would most definitely find out. I only have one true friend who I could talk to about it and I am never allowed to see her, as she is white and I am 'black'. Half caste actually, which should be seen as half way. But some people don't see it like that. And if either of us were associated with each other she'd apparently be killed. That's what my papa has told me. I think he is lying. He never liked her. I think outside this house lies a beautiful world. Zimbabwe is a wonderful place now that it is governed by Robert Mugabe. It would have to be, otherwise why would the people of Zimbabwe vote for him? That's what my mama says anyway. However I always notice that when she tells me this, she says it in a robotic manner and never looks me in the eyes. I get the sense that she'd hiding something, veiling what the real truth is. I don't know. Maybe she just gets tired of my relentless questions about

the outside world and the constant moaning in regards to not being able to see it for myself.

I want to be able to share my inner thoughts. The most darkest of secrets. And that is why I am telling you. I will tell you everything that happens in my life, you have my word. You already know about my deluded blood obsession. I don't care what people think, that's not why I stay silent. For example, if the whole town found out about my cutting, I couldn't care less. They are just figures to me. An empty human frame. But its what they would do that makes me care. They would no longer let me cut. My parents certainly wouldn't. They would confiscate anything that could be used to withdraw blood from my veins and for me, the very thought is unbearable. My life is empty enough but without my cutting I would have no reason to live. If I have to pretend that everything is okay to continue with my guilty vice then that is what I'll do. I am used to hurting outside, so what harm can it do when I am in agony on the inside?

Mama should be back soon and that shall improve my morning - slightly. It depends on what mood she's in. Sometimes when she comes home from work she's in the happiest of moods. I love that. Every now and then she lets me sneak out, with her of course. . Although she obeys my papa and stands by him despite his appalling decisions (such as keeping me locked up night and day) she still remains a devoted mama to her children. We never go beyond the gates of the house though and I have to stay in the car. But our estate is huge and so it's better than nothing. I'm allowed into the gardens directly surrounding the house but no further than that. The guards are always on hand to stop me if I try, which I did. Twice.

My mother even leaves my brother Kamba. My dad hates him with the greatest of passions. We all do, excluding my mama. She has a soft spot for him. She cant get it into her head that he is a cold blooded brute! Even now, after he has been imprisoned in a mental asylum for over three years, she still doesn't accept that he is a freak! He killed two people (two woman prostitutes) and attempted to rape my younger sister Venetia. Who does that kinda shit? My

psycho brother Kamba obviously... I am actually disgusted in myself because I cried into my pillow each and every night for about half a year, sobbing hard until my tears could fall no more. But enough about him. I have talked about him for the last three years during the counselling sessions that my papa made all of his children go to and I've wasted valuable time and breathe on a worthless piece of... As I said, I won't waste my breath.

Oh, here she is. I hear the door close loudly which means she intends on coming to see me. When she wants to remain unnoticed she carefully closes the door and sneaks into her chambers on the other side of the house. I always hear yet pretend to remain oblivious. There is no doubt about it, she will be up in a few minutes. Checking up on me as usual. Just in case I have worked out my escape route out of here. Ha! They are funny. I have tried many a time to make my escape, but they have guards everywhere. There must be at least ten guards on duty at any designated time. And as important as it should make me feel, I won't tolerate their badly thought up excuses...

No, I am sure they are guarding something much more valuable than their children. They are hiding something and I will find out what. After all, I am stuck in here every minute of everyday and so that is definitely plenty of time for me to get my claws well and truly grasped onto their little secret. All I have to do now is say when. I think I will start buttering up the guards in two days. Gives me a chance to work on my chat up lines, although I don't think I will need too much practice, it kind of comes naturally to me. Like mother like daughter as they say, but I wont go there just yet...

"Hello sweetheart"

"Hi mama"

"You're okay then?"

"Yes, as always" I sigh.

"Good to hear. Still safe and sound?"

"Of course. Not one scratch on my little head."

"Thank God, wherever he is."

"Mama, I don't know why you get so worried. It's not as if I am going to find my self confronting anything that is associated with the word danger. Not in this place anyway. Don't you think I have been in here long enough? Please talk to papa about letting..."

"What do you fancy for supper?"

"Do you know what I really fancy?"

"What's that darling?"

"I have been thinking about it ALL day."

"Wow, you've got your appetite back... So what is it to be?"

"I would love to go out for dinner. You know, its what normal families do. We used to do it all the time? Remember those days? Or has papa brainwashed you so much so that you can't?"

"Dionne! Don't speak about your papa like that."

"Or else what?"

"I will.. I will make sure that..."

"What? You gonna stop me from going out? Ground me? Stop me from seeing boys? Stop my pocket money? Sorry, you already tried all those things" I smirk.

"Why are you being like this?"

"Why are you keeping me locked up in this place like a friggin criminal!?"

"It's for your own safety."

"No, I really don't think it is. You haven't seen the things that it's driven me to"

"What do you mean?"

"You will find out... Soon enough"

"Dionne what do you mean?"

"That's all mama. Now if you don't mind I have things to do. Like watch normal people going about their daily lives" I mutter, turning to the window, pretending to look out of it.

Hmm. Only problem is that was a lie. I don't have the privilege to be able to watch people live their lives. I don't have the view from my window. All I can see is

the swimming pool, tennis courts and the garden. It's a nice view though, fifteen acres of land.

I used to take long, peaceful walks in the garden. It was my favourite place. The flowers were so beautiful. The way the leucospernm's were arranged so perfectly and I adored the rich colours of the African marigold flowers. I think I used to love it as it was my very own nirvana, a place where I chose to spend many warm afternoons. The lure of it soon faded when it became the only place I was allowed to visit. My Mama was always there too, tending to her plants. That’s until my dad took the role away from her a few years back and hired outside help. I remember the expression on her face when he told her of his plans, she was absolutely devastated.

He’s hired three gardeners over the short period of time and a young girl named Merissa now charms the gardens. She has an odd look about her. She’s incredibly easy on the eye and I’m sure she amazes everyone she meets. Every girls head turns and every man wants to speak to her. My brother wanted her and tried in vain yet to no avail. I think she prefers to

keep to herself, she’s certainly hard to gain the attention of. I can’t speak much more about her nature as I do not know the girl but I can expand a little on her features as I do have the time.

She has sun kissed skin that is complimented greatly by her golden blonde hair. She has a flawless complexion that remains unblemished continuously. Her eyes are a rare sea green and her lashes are naturally elongated. Her facial features are all perfected: her jaw line, her cheekbones, the bridge of her nose - all distinct and faultless. Now onto her body which by the way is impeccable. It's slender, tanned and precise. Her arms are long and toned, just like her legs. She towers above many but not so much that it plays against her attractiveness. Her stomach is svelte and toned also and she has an incredible waistline that make her curves look astounding. She wears a bikini top most of the time whilst gardening and you will never catch her in anything other than a tight pair of shorts, a skirt or a short dress when she is in the garden.

I don't talk to her much. I sometimes stare at her for hours when she is in the garden and for once, a present that my great papa bought for me years ago came in handy. Usually he brings me junk from all the countries he's travelled to and it's all stored away in a huge wooden box as one day, I'm sure I'll truly appreciate his efforts. I do at least appreciate his latest gift - A pair of binoculars. I can see her in every acre of land that we own and also beyond our fenced prison, depending on the weather. I may come across as peculiar… Stalking her night and day but I am somewhat normal too. I love to draw and paint, especially portraits of Merissa. Her beauty is one of a kind and each drawing of her has to be perfect. Each piece can take me weeks, maybe even months yet I never finish them as I can never capture her exactly how I want her. I have thought about showing her but then I worry that she will get the wrong idea. I don't want her to be petrified when she comes to work, convinced that I will attempt to molest her or something.

From what I hear she is a nice girl. My brothers like her and she has attended a few dinner parties in the

past. But back then I was too self-centered to notice anyone but myself. I did get told by my younger sister Venetia that my older brother Kibwe had a thing for her about a year ago. He is twenty one, rich, handsome and sweet, but she still rejected him. Even his charms weren't enough for her which was a first for him. No woman has ever turned him down. She must be into something on an entirely new level... But just what I don't know.

It's occurred to me that during the past few weeks, I've noticed her more than I usually do. I'll catch myself walking past a window, slowing at every opportunity to catch a glimpse of her. And when I don't, I find myself feeling a little deflated, disappointed even. I think its her companionship that I crave. I never get the chance to converse with real people, ones that my father hasn't paid to talk to me. He gave that up a while ago though. Maybe one day I'll get the confidence to approach her. I may even find out why I feel the need to watch her for hours a day. I don't know the answer yet, but I intend to find out.

Chapter 3

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Two

"Get up" Venetia mumbles from my now open door.

"Why? It's not as if I've got anything to do, let alone live for" I reply grumpily, still half asleep.

"That's where you’re wrong" she says as she walks over to my king sized bed and places herself on the edge of it.

"What?"

"We have a visitor" she grins and I notice a sparkle in her eye that’s been absent for months.

It has been so long since I have seen it or seen her truly happy. She manages to keep herself sane in this

house which is a feat in itself. We can’t do things like normal teenagers. We can't even surf the net freely. There are a few websites that aren’t blocked, such as clothing websites and the like. Nothing with articles or information is available to us though. That is strictly forbidden, although lately, I have felt like breaking the rules!

"By visitor you mean who?" I ask carelessly. Probably just another delivery.

She was ordering clothes online every five minutes but I can’t blame her. If that's what keeps her entertained and father gives her unlimited access to his credit card... Well, it's his own stupid fault isn't it.

"A gentleman" she whispers.

"Right, so basically just another delivery man huh? And you woke me up for that!?! For Christs sake Tia, you know once I'm awake I can’t get back to sleep and lately I haven't..."

"No. I mean a real visitor. He's coming to dinner tonight" she squeals.

"Tonight?" I ask questioningly.

"Yes, tonight. And actually there's three of them. But only one that I'm interested in" she growls.

"And by interested in you mean what exactly?" I say, raising an eyebrow.

"Dionne do the math! Gosh, for a girl as intelligent as you, you never fail to out do yourself when it comes to... Understanding men... And relationships. He's incredibly handsome, single and he's the first proper male company I've had in God knows how many months. What is it? Nearly eleven now right?"

"Just over four" I correct her.

"Oh. I stand corrected. Christ, it feels like so much longer than that!" she moans. Hmm, maybe I was wrong about her. Maybe she wasn't as entertained as I had thought. Or was led to believe... "But anyway that doesn't matter. What matters is that I look the best, the sexiest I can tonight!"

"And how old is he?"

“Twenty nine..." she mutters, probably hoping that I wouldn't catch what she said.

"Twenty nine! Tia! You're only fifteen! That's even too old for me, let alone you! Why on earth do you..."

"I think you'll find under customary marriage laws that once a girl is twelve, she can legally marry if her own consent was given. I'm almost four years past that stage and if I had the choice I'd have consented to marry a long time ago. So I'm going to grab this opportunity by its horns."

"By law perhaps but I don't think you're ready to be a wife yet."

"That's for Howard to decide isn't it? I've changed a lot since being kept here and he might find me quite mature. I have read loads of adult books lately, I even managed to get the guards to sneak me in a few books on politics."

"Politics?" I ask confused.

"Yeah, didn't you know, Howard is a politician. And, he's English!"

"You read a book on politics so you could impress him?"

"Well, he looks really hot! I saw his picture in a paper on father's desk… But I had to read the book three times before I could even begin to understand any of it properly."

"What did the paper say about him?"

"I don't really know. I just looked at the picture and saw a caption about him being an English politician. You know I don't read the papers."

"You said you'd changed. I thought I'd at least ask."

"You know, there are some really mean people out there!"

"No shit Tia."

"But I'm talking about stupidly nasty people. I mean this guy... Robert. He's a politician too. He is such a nasty, evil, twisted..."

"Robert?"

"Yeah, he's the leader of our country, probably explains all the gang fighting."

"Robert Mugabe..." I mumble under my breath, thinking she hadn't heard.

"Yeah! That's him. He's awful! He's one of those power hungry men that force others to back them and vote and stuff. There was a chapter explaining the corrupt voting system used by Robert and his party. They used tactics such staining the hands of those who voted against them with ink. A few days later those very people would end up dead or fighting for their lives at hospital."

"Tia, I don't think you should have read that book... What's it called?"

"It was crap to be honest. I didn't even understand half... Well most of the things in there! You can have it if you like."

"Yeah, if you don't mind I would like a read of it..."

"Okay, but as long as you promise not to try use it to your advantage tonight with Howard because I have tried really hard to understand that book. And so if you were to go and sway him over with your endless intelligent conversation then I would..."

"Tia. Trust me, I don't want to 'sway' him over. I'm not even interested in getting to know him. I just want to have a read of that book."

"Okay, if you're sure. I'll go get it now."

When she returns she has a dark blue book tucked under her jumper. She closes the door and rushes over towards my bed with it. The book itself is rather thick and looks barely read. I check the date of its publication which proves me right. It's recently published, less than a year ago.

"Oh and by the way Tia, I don't think you should mention Mr. Mugabe tonight. Or any other time."

"Why?" she asks with an annoyed tone in her voice.

"Because..." I couldn't tell her it might be dangerous. I couldn't trust to tell her when my last meal was, let alone an important and maybe even life threatening piece of information like this. "English politicians favour Robert Mugabe. So I don't think Howard will be impressed if you were to bad mouth him. Get what I'm saying?"

"Ahh I get it. Okay, I will keep my mouth firmly shut. Thanks."

"No problem. After all, putting a foot out of line isn't going to help whilst trying to seduce a man nearly twice the age of you, right?"

"Exactly!" she giggles.

I had to give it to her, she never fails to surprise me with her crazy ass plans and endless attempts at true love. Before we were locked away she changed her boyfriend every week. She was popular, utterly gorgeous and she had an adorable manner about her that made all the guys want to marry her. She never could be tamed though, much to my mothers despair. I wonder what excuse she used to exclude herself from the social scene for these past four months. Knowing her she probably made some crap up about how she was going to travel the world with a rich man who had fallen head over heels in love with her and they were going to wait until she was sixteen and then marry each other in an expensive, popular church that all the celebrities used. Or maybe she

decided that they were going to do it Vegas style. Either way, I'm sure she didn't tell them the truth.

A few minutes later I decide I'm well and truly awake now and make my way to my bathroom. I turn the shower on, grab a towel and let my night gown fall to the floor in a pile. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I quite like what I see. A slim body. Pert, medium sized breasts. A toned bum that was a little on the small side, the way I like it. I have deep hazelnut brown eyes that are emphasized by my naturally long, dark eyelashes. Tia always tells me what a beautiful colour my skin is. She says she envies it and wishes she has the same father as me for that reason. I am half-caste. My mother is white, my father is black.

They met and fell in love straight away. It was one of those whirlwind romances. They got married after being together for just over a month and my mum became pregnant at the age of twenty two with twins. And then eight and a half months later (they were slightly premature) Kamba and Kibwe arrived. They are twins but not in any way identical or alike.

Kamba is the oldest by a minute and forty - seven seconds, much to Kibwe's annoyance. Kamba is the brother I choose not to acknowledge. He attempted to rape Tia (as I mentioned before) and if it hadn't of been for Kibwe charging in after hearing my own screams for help, he would have managed it. I still remember now...

I was painting away happily in my room and suddenly I heard a smash followed by a gasp of air and a scream. Curious, I made my way to where I had heard the noise - The library. I walked down the first few aisles and saw nothing. And then when I reached the fifth, that's when I saw it. My sister pinned up against a shelf of books, silently sobbing to herself. Kamba had one hand over her mouth and the other was up her skirt. I could see scratches and cuts up her arms, legs and even some on her face. Her eyes flickered to me and grew wide. She started to squirm and tried to scream. She couldn't so I did. As loud as I could, the loudest I ever had. Even when I had found mama lying unconscious on the bed with a bottle of pills next to her and froth sprawling out of her mouth, I hadn't screamed so hard.

"Get the fuck off of her!" I shouted and then I charged forward towards him.

I jumped onto his back and started pulling his hair, pinching, scratching his face, punching, and kicking him. I tried everything I could to get him off of her. He had shook me off effortlessly, punched me hard around the face so that I fell to the floor and then kicked the living shit out of me. I looked up to my baby sister. She was crying, begging him to stop and get away from me. Then I saw that look in her eyes as he turned around. The look of fear.

"Oh no, please don’t. Kamba, please stop!" she choked.

I managed to push myself onto my feet and I grabbed a book and hit him hard around the head with it. The anger was clearly visible in his face and I knew what was coming. He shoved me against the shelves, opposite to my sister and put his hands tightly around my neck and started to tighten them even more. I could feel my lungs gasping for air that was out of their reach.

"Get... Off!" I heard my sister shout and the next thing I knew she was on his back, just like I had been, trying to scratch his eyes out. And again, just like he had with me, he shook her off effortlessly. He turned to me, kicked me hard so that I slammed onto the floor and laughed. His attention went back to my sister. I looked at her, although my vision was blurred. I mimed the words "I'm sorry" to her and she nodded then whispered "you tried." I was about to give up hope when I heard a bellowing roar from behind me.

"What the fuck are you doing Kamba? You sick bastard! She's your sister!" he hissed.

"Yeah, that's what you're lead to fucking believe. She isn't! She's the child... Vermin of another man!"

"What?" Kibwe and I echoed.

"Mmmhmm. Our darling mother had an affair years ago. Remember Phil, the hunky bodyguard? Yeah, she fucked him. Couldn't keep her legs closed. And so here we are, left with this thing!"

"Who could blame her? Dad's a heartless shit! And so what? So she doesn't share the same biological father as us? Who cares? Dad still sees her as his own and we still see her as our sister! Because she is!"

"That's because dad doesn't know you dumb fuck! And I don't see her as my sister. Therefore, I can do whatever the hell I want with her, okay?" he sniggered.

"Oh no you fucking cant!" Kibwe shouted before he threw himself at Kamba.

They started fighting and I'll admit, Kamba had the advantage of being heavily built and strong. Blood was everywhere, they were rolling around on the floor whilst I held my baby sister in my arms. I told Tia to run for help but she couldn’t pull herself from my arms and I certainly wasn’t going to leave Kibwe alone with that brute. We were both sobbing relentlessly. I kept on telling her it was okay, but I knew it wasn't. I knew it never would be again. Thinking about it now, after the fight, Kibwe made it his number one goal to bulk himself up. He said it was because he wanted to be more attractive and

joked it off. Then one day he went out with a group of friends and came home drunk. He kept vomiting so I stayed up to care for him. That's when he admitted the truth. He broke down in my arms and said he was sorry for letting Kamba hurt me and Tia like he did. I said it was okay and that he was our hero but he's never forgiven himself. He took precautions in case we were ever in danger again.

"Pass me that vase Di!" Kibwe had urged.

And so I did. He held the vase high above himself and with one big swing, it shattered over Kamba's head with an almighty smash. He was out cold.

"Right, come on girls, we better alert the rents. And then once you're safe with them, I'm going to call the police and get that beast locked up for life!"

That night is never spoke of in this house. Kibwe doesn't even acknowledge the fact he's a twin and has never introduced himself that way to others since. Father was more concerned about the revelations getting out to the public which would damage his own political stance. No surprise there. He cared about himself and no one else. I dare say

that he didn't even care about Mama having an affair. Maybe it was a relief, it gave him the opportunity to get away with having even more lovers. No one ever even mentions rape around Tia, even the word causes an uncomfortable silence. After the attack she retreated to her room for weeks and wouldn't even step foot outside of it. No visitors were allowed and her food had to be left outside of the room. She finally emerged and was a different person. She was no longer a child but a woman. Everything changed after that. She'd sneak out every night, sleep around with any guy who paid her attention but she never trusted a man enough to devote herself to him. It was onto the next as soon as she'd used them for sex. Maybe someone like Howard in her life would be a good thing after all!

Chapter 4

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Three

The water on my skin feels so good. Better than it has felt in a long time and that was saying something. I try to not think about the book. Robert Mugabe. As my sister had said he was an "evil, twisted person" and so why had my mama told me he was such a good man? I always knew there was something... Weird, something very strange about how she used to never make eye contact with me when she spoke about him and how afterwards, she always had an excuse to leave the conversation before I could ask any more questions. She was hiding something. They were hiding something. But the question that wouldn't leave my mind was, who were... they?

And there was something else clouding my thoughts. Merissa. Every time I feel like I am on to something, tying a loose end, she pops into my thoughts once again. Damn you Merissa! Why do you have to be so god damn beautiful! Once her image flickers into my head there is no getting her out. After about the fifth attempt to block her from my thoughts, I finally give up, muttering under my breath how ridiculous it is that I can't even go a few minutes without thinking about her. I have to see her! Today.

As soon as I decide that I'm going to see her, I rush the rest of my shower and never in all my four months of being locked up have I got out so quickly! I dry myself off with a towel, which is horrible. I never dry myself with a towel. I normally just put on my underwear and loungd about in my room until I am dry. After all, it isn't as if I have to rush to be anywhere. But today is different. Today, rush is needed.

I walk over to my wardrobe, with the towel firmly wrapped around my body and flick through all my clothes. I settle with a baggy pair of jeans and a plain

tee-shirt. I don't want to seem too enthusiastic. I didn't bother to put any shoes on as I know my feet will be comfortable on the soft grass that is well looked after. For a second I think about doing something nice with my hair but just as fast as the thought comes into my head, it shoots back out again. Get a grip of yourself girl! You're just going to say hello. That's ALL. Anyway, if this visitor is as important as Tia made out, no doubt I would have to present myself appealingly tonight. I don't want to have to make such an effort twice in one day so I settle with a coat of eyeliner and some vanilla flavoured lip balm. After I apply it I can't help myself from licking my lips to taste the sweet flavour. Mmm. It tastes better than it smells! Yum!

I quietly make my way downstairs. I feel like a child sneaking around to get a hand into the cookie jar without mummy seeing. I feel as if I am doing something wrong. I check my reflection in the mirror and take a deep breathe. I am being pathetic. I have brilliant social skills. I will be fine talking to her. She is only the gardener, I am superior to her and... No! Di that is where you're wrong! I am not superior or

worth more than her. How could I even think such a thing? Well, its not you're fault my subconscious echoes. That's how you were always bought up. Maids, cooks, chauffeurs. Staff in general were thought of as the lowly class. That's just how it was right? No, wrong again! Stop saying that. No one is better than anybody! Hang on, was this actually happening? Was I actually having a conversation with myself? Right, I have to get out there before I drive myself crazy!

"Hey" I say nervously as I approach her.

Shit, I hadn't even thought through what I was going to say. She turns around, welcoming me with an amazing smile. Woaa, she looked so... So hot! Why had I chosen to present myself in such a dull manner when I knew the full extent of her beauty already!? What was I thinking. Useless baggy jeans that did nothing for my body and a plain tee-shirt!? You idiot!

"Hello Dionne." She has a lovely, angelic voice.

"Di. Call me Di" I reply with a smile spread across my face.

"Di" she says and I feel my heart melt! "So, what's up? You don't have any more requests from your father do you? Gosh, he never seems to understand that although I am good with my hands, gkhsldfsloihsdgoalkhsdgl.."

Fuck! I didn't catch the last part of what she said. I lost track as soon as she said she was good with her hands. What the hell? Why am I even thinking this stuff? I am not a lesbian. I am not! I have never dated a girl and I refuse to accept that I will start to either.

"Sorry, I didn't catch the last bit" I admit, embarrassed.

"Oh. I was just saying that he can't expect me to work miracles. No matter how much he pays me, this will never be the garden of Eden!" she tells me, giggling to herself.

"Ha-ha" I force myself to laugh. "No, I don't have any other requests. I just came by to... Err. I.. Well.. You.." I stutter.

Luckily through the corner of my eye I see a figure approaching from the right. It was one of the

bodyguards. I think his name is Cadmar. We both turn to look at him and he strolls over with an air of arrogance about him.

"Baby, how comes you didn't come see me yesterday?" he asks.

"It's Merissa. I was busy" she replies with hostility.

"Busy? You're never too busy for me" he bellows, sounding even cockier than I would have anticipated.

"Well clearly, I was" she tells him with a sharp tone to her voice.

"Shut up you snarky little bitch and listen-"

"Cadmar! You forget your place" I hiss and his eyes grow wild with shock.

"I-I'm sorry Miss Yeboah. I didn't recognise you… You don't normally tour the gardens…"

"Mm. I don't appreciate the tone used with Merissa. She is a staff member just like yourself and I just want to emphasise something. Staff can easily be replaced" I pause. "And you're not an exception to that rule."

“I-I completely understand. I apologise. Merissa, word please?"

He takes her arm and pulls her less than gently over to a cluster of trees. I can't hear what they are saying but I notice him standing close to her and constantly touching her. That pissed me off. What pissed me off even more was that she continuously had a grin on her face. God, he was a jackass! He had to saunter on over to us, interrupt our conversation and trifle with her feelings. But she looked pretty smitten with him. Grrr. But who was I kidding? Why would she like me? Really? I was pretty but not in the same league as her! She didn't know me. Then again, I didn't know her either and still I felt like I wanted to... And then there was the undying question that lingered around like a bad smell. Was she even into women? Probably not! But I'm not either. That's what I kept telling myself and that's what I will keep telling myself until I get these stupid ideas out of my head. She probably gets so much male attention that she would have never even had to consider her sexuality. Oh whatever. Nothing was ever going to happen anyway. I turn on the heel of my foot and start to walk off. I’m

muttering to myself when I feel a soft hand touch my arm.

"Where are you going?" a familiar voice asks. Merissa.

"Home."

"You are home" she states.

"Well yes, I am. But what I meant was I'm going inside my home."

"We were having a chat" she reminds me.

I didn't need reminding. I probably wouldn't forget how sweet her voice sounded for a very long time. The way it was angelic and delightful to listen to, like a lullaby made especially for me. And how she brushed me off before we even got the chance to talk. I feel completely humiliated and I'm sure when I look back on this I'll still feel the same.

"You were having a chat" I mumble.

"I prefer to call it a one way conversation with me making the odd remark" she smirks. "He just went on and on and on."

"That’s not how I saw it. He did all the talking, but you didn't seem like you were in any rush to leave. So don't worry about me. Go back and finish your conversation, I’d hate to interrupt anything" I say bitterly.

"It is finished” she growls.

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean to cause offence. It’s just that I thought..."

What! Why was I the one apologizing when she was in the wrong? She was the one that was talking to him. Oh shut up! It wasn't even her fault! Let alone mine. It was his stupid fault!

"Sorry? Yeah so am I. Sorry that I have to listen to his sorry ass inform me that we should go out together when I blatantly don't agree."

"Huh? I thought that..."

"Yeah, so do a lot of his friends too. He must have told them we’re dating or something. When I walk past any of his little chums, they always make a snide comment about how he says I'm even sexier in the

nude. How do they expect him to know? He'd be the last person I'd sleep with" she laughs.

"Hmm. That's men for you. They are always such idiots. Who'd have them huh? Not that I have a problem with men or anything. Some of them are actually decent people" I babble, trying to cover myself.

"Oh I do!" she sniggers. "But yes, you're right. A few are half decent."

She did? What was the meaning behind that? She had a problem with men? They annoyed her? Did they annoy her enough to put her off though? That was a different question entirely.

"Umm. So..."

I search my brain for something to say. Other than 'I just want to tell you that I think you are the most beautiful creature I have ever laid eyes on! I came out here to be in your company and by the way, I watch you all the time with my binoculars and sometimes, I even paint you!" Oh darn. That sounded even worse when I put it into words. I wanted to stay

and talk to her forever, but I knew that sticking around like an unwanted stray cat wasn't going to do me any favours.

"I better get going. Someone is bound to get worried that I've tried to escape. Yet again" I snort.

Oh god, I just snorted! How ridiculous was I being? I never even snorted. Well, only when I get nervous...

"Okay then. And I better get back to work. As I said before, this will never be the garden of Eden. But I can do my best try to make it the next best thing. Oh and by the way, thanks for putting Cadmar in his place. Hopefully him and his friends will back off now" she winks.

She just winked at me! She, Merissa, just winked at me, Dionne! I wish it was for something else, other than to accompany a funny statement she had made. But I wasn't going to be whining about it, I'd take what I got. I was walking back towards the house and I was about to exhale with a sigh of relief when I heard her call my name. I grimace and turn.

"Yes?"

"I want you to give your mum some flowers from me. She requested that I had some in a vase on the table for her when she got back from work, but I have so much to do. I was hoping you could do it for me?" she pouts.

"Of course" I blush.

"Great" she beams. "Any suggestions?"

"Marigolds. She loves marigolds" I lie.

She hates the things. I on the other hand adore them! I would take the flowers and put most of them in my room. Some would be left on the table and Mama was bound to complain. And then I would offer to request something else from Merissa tomorrow. Another excuse to see her! Merissa walked a few metres away and bent down to reach the marigolds. Once she had a nice bunch, she walks over to me and holds them out. I step forward closing in on the space between us and she grabs me, kissing me passionately. We fall to the floor together and…

“Di?”

“What? Oh sorry” I mutter, snapping out of my daydream.

I reach out to take them from her hands. Our hands touch slightly and I feel a rush of energy pass through me. Wow. We both hold our hands there longer than necessary and when I look up to her incredible face, I find that her wonderful green eyes are staring into mine. She bites her lip tenderly and I can feel myself turning red. I hadn't blushed since I was seven when the new boy had come into school on valentines day with about a million gifts for me and a soppy, wet love poem. Except this time, I was grateful for the attention.

After what seemed like an eternity, I pull my hands away, spin around and dash into the double doors of my home without looking back. When I am safe inside the house, I scamper up to my room and look out the window. She was laughing. What the...?

She calls to a figure walking towards her. Mama. She then proceeds to reach for a beautifully hand wrapped bunch of orchids - My mama's favourite. Astonishingly, she then look up to my window and

waved with the biggest, content grin on her face that I had ever seen on anyone. Mama is surprised at the gesture and turns to wave too. I duck out of sight before she could signal me to come down. I was not going back down there again today. I was already emotionally exhausted. It would have drained me completely trying to conceal my feelings around Mama.

I flop lifelessly onto my bed and start to laugh. And within seconds I am in hysterics. Smart ass bitch. She already knew what my Mama's favourite flowers were. How did I not know that? Merissa did the same thing for my Mama every day! Merissa was probably testing me and now she knows that I lied. She has probably clocked onto the fact that I blatantly lied for a reason and maybe she’s even worked out that it was in an effort to see her again. How could I be so brainless? I swear, that girl confuses me. And I'm not talking about 'crap, I thought I knew the answers to this exam, but it seems I don't' confusion. No, I am talking about 'I thought I liked guys but it's obvious I like girls more' confusion.

Chapter 5

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Four

My eyes dart open as I hear the crushing of gravel, footsteps, then a car door slam shut. I look around to see that I'm on my bed, still dressed after having seen Merissa. Oh crap! I must have fallen asleep. I jump up and run to the window, my eyes focusing on two men who are being greeted by one of the bodyguards. From what I can see the one on the left is quite short, slightly fat with messy strands of greying hair. He's dressed in a dark green suit with a red tie and brown shoes. His facial expression is literally glued on – It's serious with a harsh frown on his face, deep wrinkles probably from all the frowning and his lips are tightly shut.

The man on the right is the complete opposite. He is incredibly handsome and he greets the bodyguard with a friendly handshake. I watch as he leans over to the bodyguard, his lips move for a few seconds and they both laugh together. Clearly this guy has a sense of humour. Tia will love that! He is tall, well built, pale with blonde hair and he has a gleaming smile. His suit is black with silver lining and he's wearing a stylish silk grey tie. His shoes are impressive and they look very expensive. He has English gentleman written all over him!

Hang on, what is the time..? I turn to look at the clock on my wall and I'm stunned to see that it is almost 7pm! Oh my god! Why hadn't anyone woken me? I'm never going to be ready on time now. I swing my door open, charge down the hallway to my sister and find her curling her long, black hair

"Why didn't you wake me?" I shout.

"Wake you? I didn't even realise you were asleep."

"Oh whatever. I see you're looking lovely, how long have you been getting yourself ready for? Five hours?" I add sarcastically.

"No. Three and a half actually, four if you count the shower" she blushes.

“Christ. What time are we expected to be downstairs entertaining?" I sigh.

"Eight."

"Eight! You have to be bloody kidding me Tia! There's no way I'm going to be ready by then! You'll have to either make them wait, or tell them that I'm going to be very, very late!" I snap.

"Fine" she mumbles as I walk out the door.

I jump in the shower, wash my hair and once again dry myself with a towel. I blow dry my hair, straighten it and clip half of it up. I apply a thin layer of foundation, some blusher, a hint of mascara and I gloss my lips. What am I going to wear? Hmm, I rush over to my wardrobe and rumble through my evening gowns. I decide to wear a light yellow silk dress that drapes to the floor. Then I look at my shoe collection and pick a black pair of heels that are of medium height. I pull the dress on, tie the ribbons around my neck in a bow and slip on the shoes. I

quickly brush my teeth, put on my pearl necklace then the bracelet and head for the door. I look at the clock and sigh. Nine o'clock. I'm definitely in trouble.

I walk swiftly down the stairs and through the hallways, being watched like a hawk by the body guards. I finally reach the thick wooden doors to the large dining room and brush out the creases from my dress whilst the doors are opened for me. As I enter everyone turns and gasps. I panic and rush towards the waiter who's pulling my chair out. Oh god, what's the chances that I've got mascara smeared all over my cheek or something!?

"Nice of you to join us" Papa growls and I glare at him in return.

If we weren't in company I would have given him a piece of my mind. But first impressions last, so I keep my mouth shut and instead apologise through gritted teeth. I sit down, making sure not to crease my dress and I look around at the new faces.

"Hello Miss Yeboah, I'm Daniel Smith" the plump guy says with a half smile.

"Nice to meet you Daniel. I'm Dionne" I reply gracefully. I know all about first meetings with important people so I make sure not to tell him to call me what all my friends do. Or used to.

"And I'm Howard Wilson" the handsome one whispers into my ear from the left.

I turn startled, not having realised he was next to me and so close. He smiles and his teeth glisten brightly, then I notice the wicked but brilliant sparkle in his eye. Embarrassed, I look away and locate Tia's eyes which are full of anger and fury. Great. Now she thinks that I'm hitting on lover boy. He is sexy, but something about him repulses me. I can't quite put my finger on it. His face is perfect, his body to die for from what I can see. His suit jacket is slung over his chair and his shirt is very tight with the sleeves rolled up to reveal his strong arms. His blonde hair is combed to the side and he reminds me of Jack from titanic, albeit more rich and better dressed. But as far as I am concerned, Tia is welcome to him!

After the introductions everyone keeps themselves entertained with small talk about politics, weather

and just the same old chit chat. I switch off eventually bored out of my head. Starters arrive and I am thankful for the diversion. One thing I do like to talk about is food. We are served baked figs and goat's cheese with radicchio which is one of my all time favourites. I tuck into it without waiting and notice everyone's prying eyes.

“You've certainly got an appetite” Daniel sniffs.

“Hardly, she's far from chubby” Kibwe defends.

“I like that about her. She's a real woman with curves. Though if you were mine I'd definitely fatten you up” Howard grins and I can feel Tia's rage rise once again.

"So Dionne, how old are you?" Daniel asks.

"Seventeen, soon to be eighteen" I reply.

"Ah. Nice age to be. Wild and free" Howard interrups.

"Free? I wish!"

"And do you have a boyfriend?"

"No, I don't" I tell him uncomfortably.

"Really? Someone as beautiful as you hasn't been snapped up already? Well, I better get moving then" he jokes and everyone, with the exception of Tia laughs. I can feel her eyes burning into me.

"No, it's actually Tia that gets all the attention" I reply, trying to make amends with her for something I didn't even do!

"Really? Wow."

"Yes, but right now I'm single" Tia pipes up.

"Well I hope you find someone soon chuck. I'm sure you'll blossom just like your sister has. You're both very pretty and you've got a year or two to grow into a young woman like Dionne " Howard replies.

Bloody hell, you should see the look on her face. She looks like she wants to slap Howard and I swear, she must be contemplating killing me!

"Yeah, guys don't really date Di. She isn't really girlfriend material. She prefers to lock herself in her room all day. But hey, we're all different right?" Tia says in a huff.

"I find that hard to believe. You’re not dating material? No, you seem perfect to me" he replies with a genuine smile. “Everyone needs their own space, right Dionne?”

“Right” I blush. What the hell is Tia playing at, acting like a jealous bitch! Although she isn't really acting, I'm sure. "Well, I used to be like that. But you know what? Lately, I've been thinking about dating again" I announce bitterly to everyone, mainly Tia.

"Yes! My lucks in!" he chants and the room erupts with laughter once again.

"Maybe. I hope you brought your lucky charm tonight Howard. A horse shoe perhaps?" I flirt.

"Not a horse shoe no, it wouldn't fit in my pocket. I did however bring my wallet and hopefully, somewhere in there lies a lucky coin" he smiles.

"You know, money can't buy you happiness" I state.

"I know that. What I really need is a woman to make me happy. But the question is, can money buy you happiness?" he smirks.

"No, it can't Mr Wilson."

"Looks like I need to try a different approach then" he grins.

For the whole meal Howard continues with his flirtatious jokes and I start to zone out eventually because as I mentioned before, he's really not my type. We are all finishing desert when Howard makes an announcement.

"Lovely dinner, it was delicious. I'm having a party back at my place, I don't suppose any of you would like to come?"

"I'd love to!" Tia shouts enthusiastically.

We both turn to look at our parent's worried faces. They have been sugar coating everything for the past few hours and so it will be interesting to see if they stick to their guns about keeping us locked up inside this hell hole.

"So... Will you allow the girls to attend?" Howard asks.

“ I'm not sure if it's a good idea" Papa replies. “What type of party is it?”

"Don't worry Mr Yeboah, I'll look after the girls. You have my word. It’s a huge ball and there will be hundreds of guests. Nothing sordid or alike to the sort” he promises.

"I... Well... The thing is... Oh okay. Fine. But make sure they are accompanied by someone at all times."

Tia and I roll our eyes, but scream with excitement. We jump up from our seats and run upstairs to freshen up. When we both arrive downstairs soon after, Howard and Daniel say their goodbyes and we all take a seat in their limo.

"Now girls, there's a theme. It's fancy dress. But don't stress, I have plenty of costumes at my place. So you can both wear one of them. Oh and it's a masked ball."

"Masked ball? Why?" Tia interrups.

"Because Venetia, it makes it so much more fun!"

“You mean a masquerade?” I ask.

“Exactly, aren’t they great? It’s my sisters birthday so I decided to hold the bash for her here.”

We arrive at an exquisitely built house with glass walls and a magnificent water fountain. The iron gates open and we head up the long driveway. When we pull up, we are helped out of the car by men dressed as gladiators. Howard wraps his arms around us, which is a little on the inappropriate side and we walk as a group into the porch of the house. There we are greeted by more gladiator look-a- likes and Howard signals for some women to come over to us.

"Girls could you please take these lovely ladies upstairs to find an outfit?"

They both smile and lead us up the white staircase. We walk through one hallway, turn right and walk through another. We turn left and enter into a large room with a door at the end of it. Tia runs over to the rails of beautiful dresses and ushers one of the women towards her.

"What's the theme?" I ask.

"Gods and Goddesses. You're to be dressed as Queen however" she smiles.

"Queen?"

"According to Howard" she replies, pulling me over to a dresser.

I look around and I'm instantly drawn to a dress that is hung at the far end of the room. I walk towards it and smile - It is perfect. She continues to talk to me whilst I undress and I recognise her voice. I can't see who she is because of her mask and her hair is hidden beneath a hood. Maybe she once worked under my own household.

"Can I try this?"

"Yes, it's what was selected for you to wear anyway."

I slowly take the dress from its place and she helps me to squeeze it on. I look at myself in the mirror and my jaw drops. I look amazing. The dress is red satin and it is low cut and tight fitting - very tight fitting. The material brushes the floor and I stand there mesmerized whilst the woman ties ribbons into bows at the back of the dress.

“Leave her” another voice announces.

“Yes Ma’am” the hooded woman replies, leaving the dresser.

“So you’re the beauty that has my brother entranced” she says as she steps into view of the mirror behind me.

She has dark red hair which is rich with colour and it reaches her waist. It’s wild and sexy. I can't really see her eyes because the mask hides them. They shine brightly yet I can’t work out what shade they are. Definitely blue or green. Her lips are plump and emphasised with a bright red lipstick. She wears a short white dress that pushes her cleavage together and a thin gold belt is wrapped around her waist tightly.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I see what my brother means” she pauses. “You’re certainly very beautiful.”

“Your brother?”

“Howard has been telling me about you since his arrival” she says, stepping closer towards me so that I can feel her breath on my neck. “I just had to come see what all the fuss is about…”

“Where is Howard?”

“Entertaining our guests” she whispers. “I thought I’d come entertain you instead.”

“Oh. Well could you help me with something?”

“And what might that be?”

“My dress is still undone… Can you help me with it?”

"Sure."

She slides my hair to the side and her ice cold hands glide against the skin on my back. I flinch and she starts tugging at the dress. Every time she threads the material through the clasp her fingers caress my skin and my breasts start to tingle. I’m embarrassed when I realise this and try to avoid her gaze.

"There. All done” she says, kissing my shoulder.

"Thanks. That’s very kind of you."

"Go on then, turn around and let me look."

“Shouldn’t you be getting back to the party? It was held for your birthday after all…”

“Exactly, which is why you should give me what I want… I’m the birthday girl…”

I turn nervously, biting my lip, afraid of what she will say or do. Her eyes lavish up my appearance greedily and she licks her lips.

"That dress looks great on you.”

"Thank you.”

“You can keep the dress. After your debut no one will ever pull it off like you will.”

"Oh wow. I don't know.."

"Just take it. It wasn’t a question.”

"Well thanks. I suppose. I don’t know how to thank you…”

"I do. Kiss me."

"Kiss you?" I gasp.

"Yes. Kiss me."

"But... Why?"

"Because I want you to" she whispers seductively.

So what do you do in a situation like this? She is being really nice, helping me with the dress, even if she is showing her authority whilst doing so. She's even letting me keep it! But I never thought it was a favour for a favour. Why does she even want a kiss from me? She is absolutely gorgeous.

There is chemistry between us already, but how can I kiss someone I barely know ? It's rude to say no I tell myself and deep down, I know there is something more to accepting her offer than I would like to believe.

"Okay, I'll kiss you" I tell her nervously.

"How about I kiss you instead. I like to take the lead" she smirks.

I close my eyes then I hear her shut the door and step forward. I steady myself and she takes another step forward. I feel her presence close to me and her

sweet breath dances across my face. She pushes me hard against the wall and her hands find their way to my waist. They slowly stroke up towards my face and she runs her fingertips over my lips. Woa that feels good. Then she leans forward so her nose brushes my cheek and I know that our lips are about to meet. I inhale deeply and...

"Di! Come look at my outfit!" Tia shouts from outside the cubicle.

Oh god! Talk about ruin the moment. My eyes shoot open and so do the red heads. She slowly steps back, her hands tracing over my chest as she pulls away, leaving me unsatisfied. She smiles, adjusts my dress then looks straight into my eyes.

" Another time perhaps" she teases.

"Yes! I owe you remember!" I cry desperately.

"You do. See you around." She walks towards the door to unlock it and I grab her arm, turning her around.

"Wait. I don't remember your name" I urge.

She grins, turns back around and unlocks the door. It swings open and my eyes meet Tia's. Then they find their way back to the other eyes that I had been staring into just a few seconds ago.

"That's because I didn't give it" she whispers again and her eyes sparkle with passion. She walks to the end of the room and through the door before Tia says anything.

"Okay then. I felt like a million dollars until this moment. You look amazing and she was... The prettiest girl I've ever bloody seen! Anyway, look at what I found!" she screams.

I look at her to see that she is wearing a light pink dress that is very princess like. All girly and frilly. Nice, if your five and still play with Barbie.

"It looks lovely Tia" I lie, running to the door after the beautiful stranger I had almost locked lips with.

Chapter 6

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Five

I walked into a silent house, with Tia hanging onto my right arm. Rather than letting it be known that we had arrived home safely, I instead used the silence to my advantage. I beckoned one of the body guards over and told him that I needed to get Tia upstairs into my room, without disturbing any one else in the house. He asked no questions, and I offered no answers. He took her into his arms, made the journey up two flights of stairs to my room and placed her carefully on the bed. I thanked him with a faint whisper and dismissed him.

I undressed Tia and left her in just her bra and knickers. I tucked her into bed, and for a short

moment I sat and watched her sleep. How could I let her get like this? What kind of big sister was I? I was too distracted with my own problems and moments of passion to even think twice about her. A pang of guilt jolted inside me.

I urged to cut myself. But I couldn't, not whilst Tia was around. Mainly because I didn't want to be around her, let alone anyone, whilst I cut. And secondly, because if she found me cutting, or found where I hid my razors, she would of course do something about it. It was too much of a risk to take. I sat twitching my thumbs for a while, thinking...

I thought about everything that had happened that night. I traced back from the events in the garden, to the "coronation", then to the moment with the red head in the dressing room. Then.. Yes, the dinner party. Howard, oh how could I forget him? The kiss.. Urgh! I gagged at the thought. Move on Di! Oh yes, the grumpy old man.. What was his name again.. Darren... Damien.. Ah, Daniel! Two new, unwanted people into my life. Two people that... Hang on. Two people.. Not three? Tia had said something... What

was it? "Actually there's three of them. But only one that I'm interested in." There were meant to be THREE people at dinner! So why had only two turned up? I hadn't really thought about it, but earlier there had been an empty seat at the dinner table, which never happened at a dinner party with guests because the table was always correctly laid for the number of people dining. I had to find out who was supposed to fill that seat.. It was probably no one important. But if something was in the back of my mind, I had to find the answer to get it out!

One thing I did know however, what that sitting here twitching my thumbs wasn't going to get me anywhere! I slowly push myself off my bed and I watch Tia carefully to make sure she's breathing. Silly, I know. But imagine it? My sister dying in her sleep from being too drunk! It happens you know.. Her chest slowly raised up and lowered back down. And again. Once more... Yes. Okay, she's fine.. Or at least alive. I lean down to kiss her forehead, like mothers always seem to do. Then I crept slowly out of my room and shut the door.

I look around, the bright lights too much for my eyes. I squint until finally, they've adapted. Alright then. Where do I start? Hmm. I actually have no idea! This was useless. It's bloody three am in the morning, and I'm racking my brains for answers.. With no success! Fine. If my brain wants to mess me about, I will get revenge.. On my brain.. Umm.. Yeah. That's a pretty idiotic thing to say Di.

I knew that I needed to get some sleep, but I couldn't find it in myself to try. It was a waste of time. Sleep was a waste of time! A waste of.. Life. Wow! I never imagined that I would say that, seeing as lately, time had become so insignificant. I pranced around on the landing, and made my way to the second floor of our four floor house. As quietly as I can, I turn the expensive gold door knob to the right and carefully push the door open. I peek my head in, and look to the far end of my parents' room. There they were, sleeping away. My father snoring loudly, whilst my mother slept peacefully. I inherited neither of my parents' sleeping habits. I didn't snore, but I certainly wasn't a peaceful sleeper. Apparently I was extremely restless. But right now was not the time to be

discussing how I behaved in my sleep. No, I had things to do. Such as editing video tapes.

I reached the door of my fathers' office and slipped in without anyone noticing. Haha. The guards were clever, but not clever enough! I had seen two of them drooling over a magazine, which definitely wasn't about anything other than woman and sex. Dirty perverts! It had been too easy for me to get inside one of the most what should have been protected area's in the house! Oh well, his loss, my gain.

I smirked at the gigantic painting hung on my papas' wall and inspected the signature on the bottom right corner. Monet. Of course it was an original, my father would accept no less. It was a distraction of what really hid beneath it.. Or to be more accurate, what hid behind it! I pushed at the left corner of the frame and my eyes focused in on the metal door. Oh papa, you really thought I'd be fooled with that expensive masterpiece? No, I don't think so. Really, you should have made the time to get to know your eldest daughter, because I knew a lot more than I let on.. A lot more than I would ever let on! I pushed the door

open (no lock, again, a foolish presumption by my father) and switched on the lights.

Okay, time to erase history. I hurried over to the wall length screen that stood before me. I tapped a few buttons and the screen lit up. *Enter password* I took a deep breathe and slowly typed in the password. One mistake and the alarm bells would be ringing, the system shutting down on me completely. And then, I would be well and truly screwed! *Sienna* I typed and my fathers' desktop came into view. Seriously, was my papa really that predictable..? Sienna - The English rose that my papa fell for almost ten years ago. He wanted her and she wanted.. His money. Power. Status. She got? A pathetic speech from my father, one in which he confessed his former love for her and devastating heartbreak over finding out who she really was and what she really wanted! She also got a punch in the face from my crushed, betrayed mama (my mama is not a violent person at all. But that slut deserved it!) He never truly let go, and my mother never forgot. How could she? It was obvious in his eyes, that even though he loved my mama, he had fallen in love with

Sienna. Guys ayy, they never learn? And you wonder why I find myself being attracted to woman! Seems like papa isn't the only one in our family who has a thing for the stereotypical English rose.. Merissa..

Stop it! No time.. For.. Her.. Right now.. There would be plenty of time for that later.. But now, my sister had to come first. I opened up the folder containing all the CCTV coverage of our house and selected today's date. I fast forwarded until I reached the part I was looking for. The dinner party. I watched the top left corner of the screen (as multiple views from our house were played at the same time) and saw everyone filing into the dining room. In goes the staff; mama; Tia; Daniel.. No papa or Howard. I waited for a few minutes but still no sign of the two.

I swapped views and saw the two of them in deep conversation in the lounge. Howard grabbed my papa violently and slammed him against the door. He hissed words that were unrecognisable and my papa looked terrified. Then Howard let go, smeared down his ruffled suit and opened the door politely for my papa. What.. The.. Hell!?!

Then nothing interesting happened from then onwards. There's my arrival, the meal, our departure and a fuming row between my papa and mama - pretty much expected! Papa slaps my mama's face fiercely (also expected) and I smash my hand onto the thick, oak desk. I should be used to it by now, but every time my papa hits my mama, it still brings outrage to my veins and a sting to my eyes, from the warm tears.

After that, I promptly moved on to the part where I drag Tia in, and we make a lucky escape to my room. I highlight the start all the way to the end, and click erase. Voila. Tia never got drunk, and history had technically been changed. Mwahaha! Oh yes. I then clicked onto the coverage for my fathers' office, deleted my little visit, programmed the cameras to remain on standby for the next ten minutes (so I could get out unnoticed) and also the major mess up from the guards. I'm nice like that, saving their what would have been sorry asses! As if.. You know me, I always have a plan. I only deleted it so it worked to my advantage. If I ever needed a favour (which I most likely would in the near future) I only had to

say one word. Two syllables. Blackmail. Who'd have ever thought that I was such a whizz with computers hmm? And so manipulative? Well, that's in my genes right?

*Sorry that this chapter isn't particularly interesting. I wrote it really really quickly, and never intended on writing all the stuff about the tape. But then it dawned on me, I had wrote about her tape deleting at the start. So it seemed pretty convenient. I now had leeway for my next few chapters. Oh yes baby! Comment. Vote. And BECOME MY FAN! Thanks guys! :) xxx

Chapter 7

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Six

Okay, so here's another chapter for you all! I was happy with this because again, I didn't intend on writing this. It was just meant to lead me onto what's next.. But then after I realised how long it was (i got carried away as always! Hehe) I decided to just let it be a chapter and do the other stuff later.. So its all good because I now have MORE lee-way. Anyway, enjoy.. Vote... COMMENT! And become my fan! (of course only do this if you like it!) :)

CHAPTER SEVEN

I wake up to the pleasant sound of Tia's groaning. Urgh! I turn my head and get a half view of her face,

seeing as the duvet is covering the other half. Let's just say, it's not a pretty sight! Blotchy foundation (unlike me, she wasn't lucky enough to inherit great skin), smudged eye makeup and bed hair. And by bed hair, I don't mean the attractive type that girls long to have and men find sexy.. No, I'm talking about the real messy, real horrible kind that we all try to avoid.

"Fuck" Tia mumbles. "How much did I drink last night?"

"Honestly.. I don't have a clue. But enough to make a fool of yourself and almost sleep with a guy!"

"Sleep.. On that note, I need some more!" she mumbles, as I get up and draw my curtains revealing an extremely bright, invasive sun.

"Well I'm sorry but have you seen the time?" I reply.

"No.. And I don't want to! Shut the curtains, I was soaking up the darkness before you came along!"

"Go to your own room then! I fancy soaking up some sun!" I lie, emphasizing the last sentence to annoy her more.

Okay, I was being a bitch, I'll admit it. But I wasn't in the mood for acting sweet. I hardly got any sleep last night, due to the worry and fear that built up inside me whilst I lay in bed next to my sister, as I heard her moan and felt her shake and throw herself across my bed in her drunken slumber! She even started coughing, which I presumed was her choking on her own sick! I had raced to my bathroom, filled a large glass with water and basically forced her to gulp it down. After that, I held her in my arms as she returned to a restless sleep. But after having less than an hours worth of rest, I was sure that restless sleep was better than none!

And there was something else on my mind that was leaving me frustrated and on edge. My cutting. Or lack of it! All I wanted to do was get my razor and cut! My stomach felt too... At ease? I don't know. I was so used to having at least two new, raw cuts that it felt strange and uncomfortable having nothing but healed ones and old scars. I had to get her out, before something inside me snapped!

"So?" I hinted.

"So what?" she grumbled.

"Go into your own room! There's no need for me to monitor you sleeping now, as your not drunk.. Just badly hung over."

"Oh come on sis.. I feel bloody awful. I didn't sleep too good and.."

"Shame." I say with no emotion in my voice.

"But I feel so rough.. You know I can't function without sleep."

"Yeah I do.. Because it runs in the family! I'm surprised I can even manage to keep myself upright" I say "seeing as I had no sleep at all!"

By this point, I was pacing around my room, biting my nails in a bid to distract myself from my agonizing craving to cut.

"Fine. Your obviously in no mood to talk" she said bitterly.

"Talk? Yeah, you got that right! Why would I want to talk?"

"I do. About you and your ultimate betrayal" she spat.

"Betrayal?" I ask, adding a snicker for effect. Let me guess.. Lover boy?

"Howard" she smiled bitterly, raising a perfectly plucked brow.

"What about him?"

"Him? No, it's more about you! And what you didn't do!"

"Wow, I'm surprised you actually remember!" I smile back.

"Yes, I remember perfectly thank you very much! So, what the hell was last night about? I thought you weren't interested?" she shouted, before bringing it down to a whisper as her hung over took hold.

"I'm not."

"Then why were you with him all night? What was it? His Queen?"

"It was nothing" I tell her, with no effort to persuade.

"I don't think so. It was definitely something!"

"Whatever. He's a freak! He's not normal.. Last night was not normal!"

"I suppose so. But if I had of been Queen, it would have been so much better!" she whined.

"Well you weren't. I was, okay? I was the one in the awkward position all night, not you!"

"Oh boo hoo. Poor you. You got the opportunity to be the most powerful female in the room. You got to wear whatever you wanted with no colour code. You got to kiss the guy that I liked.. Yes! You kissed Howard! What the..."

"Don't remind me!" I hissed.

"I just did! So, you kissed Howard.. In front of everyone! How did that feel Di, to know that I felt utterly humiliated?"

"Humiliated? You!" I shouted, taken aback by her ridiculous remark.

"Yes. I felt so stupid at that point. So I turned to the alcohol!"

"No one even cared about you Tia!" I said, before feeling a little bad and adding "No offence.. But I was the one that had to lock lips with him in front of everyone, when it was obvious that I would have rather been anywhere else doing anything different! And come on Tia! Do you know how stupid you sound? 'So I turned to the alcohol.' Your not a god damn alcoholic with major addiction problems. You're a silly little fifteen year old who got jealous because her older sister got more attention than her for once!" I told her, the anger and realisation of last night rising up inside me all at once. "Just.. Just.. Fucking get over it!"

Her mouth fell open and after my rage fuelled rant, an uncomfortable silence washed over the room. I stood in front of my bed, with my head hung in embarrassment. I had never gone off on one like that before at Tia. Sure, I had my moments.. Lots of them. I was a very outspoken person, and if someone did something to offend or anger me, I would make it known and make them pay for it. But other than the usual sisterly rituals (I.e. Arguing over who got the room with the biggest en suite - I won that one. There

was no way I was letting her have it when I spent most of the day in there!) we had a very laid back, loving relationship.

I was about to apologize but I was rudely interrupted by a loud burst of laughter. I almost started to go off on one again, but the fury soon turned to giggles.. And the giggles turned to boisterous laughing which eventually had Tia rolling around on my bed in fits of laughter, and me collapsing to the floor clenching my sides.

"Haha. I've never seen you like... Haha.. Sorry I... Couldn't contain myself... Ha. God damn alcoholic was what had me.. And.. Oh god yes.. Fucking get over it!" She said between laughing and gasps for air.

"Oh god! Was I.. Ha.. That bad!?! Haha.."

"Yeah.. You.. Really.. Were! No wait.. Worse!"

"Ahh.. Shut up you!" I said, playfully hitting her on the arm.

"Hey!" she squealed.

"Yeah! And what?" I goaded.

"Right! The kiss I can get over. But harassing me like that? No way! I'm getting revenge!"

She rolled over and slid off my bed, as I wriggled further away. She crawled along the floor, and almost got me. I was too fast though and pushed myself onto my feet.

"Hey! Not so fast.." she yelled before also getting onto her feet.

She walked towards me and picked up her pace to a run. I dashed down the first set of steps and when I could hear her chasing after me, I pressed on towards the last set of stairs.

"Come on Tia. You've got to be faster than that if you want to catch me! In case you forgot, I did win most of my races last year, as well as being awarded best runner of the year!" I gloated.

Even though I hadn't run anything more than a few miles in the past few months (I got bored of only being able to run in my garden after a month or so) I still had the body of an athlete and my painstaking training had done me good.

I slowed down to a gradual walk, confident that I had time to waste. I was getting a grip on my quiet giggling when I felt something jump onto my back, followed by a pair of legs being wrapped tightly around my hips. But how..

"And you forgot Di, the only race you didn't win was the one against me!" she sung triumphantly.

"Oh.. Yes" I said through gritted teeth as I recalled the unfortunate day last year, in which I competed in a final race against my sister, in front of the whole school - And lost.

"Now who's jealous huh?" she teased light heartedly.

"You've really done it now!" I shouted with fake antagonism.

I grabbed her legs which were still hooked around my body firmly. I started spinning round like a maniac, and we both shrieked with delight and dizziness, then we fell to the ground in a heap.

"Don't think I won't kick your ass because you know better than that" I tease. "Do you remember when..."

"Girls" I heard a deep voice bellow and we both froze in our stance, our eyes growing wide with anxiety.

"Papa" we muttered together, faking enthusiasm and joy.

"Having fun?" he asked sardonically.

"Yeah. Lots!" I reply before Tia butts in with an equally sarcastic remark." First time I've laughed in months. I wonder why?"

"Mmm. How was last night?" he asked.

"Absolutely.. Fan dangle!" Tia said. Fan dangle? Where did she get that one from? "Fan bloody dangle!" she repeated.

"It was.. Umm.." I looked over to Tia to see her nodding eagerly.

"Brilliant! Fabulous! It was a breathe of fresh air!" I sung.

"Well I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves girls.. Because.. It's the last time you'll be going out for a very

long time!" he shouted angrily.

"That's what you think!" Tia provoked.

"What do you mean by that?" he snapped, luring to the bait.

"Interpret it however you wish my wonderful father!" she replied.

"Right! That's it! Whatever this rebellious streak is about, you both need to get over it, and fast!" he screamed.

We looked at each other, knowing exactly what was coming next, and she was the first one to crack. And just like earlier, we were on the floor in heaps of laughter. Of all the ways to phrase it, he just had to go and say 'get over it.'

After a few attempts at trying to get us to behave and compose ourselves, papa eventually gave up and charged off in a fury. No doubt we'd pay for it later. But oh well. It was worth it, to laugh like that and see the look on his face.

"Di" Tia said as she started to get a grip on herself.

"Yes? Your not going to say anything else that makes me laugh are you? Please, no more! I swear, my sides are going to split!"

"I just wanted to say.. I do love you you know. And even if we argue, or I get jealous.. No, probably if you get jealous.. I want you to know that I will always, always love you!" she said in an endearing way.

I rolled to my left and grabbed her arm to pull her into mine. She rested her head under my chin and snuggled into me. We both let out a sigh and I felt a genuine, exultant smile spread across my face. Finally, it was like how it used to be. Even if this never happened again, at least I would remember times like these.

"

Tia.. You big old softy! I joked. "Of course you love me! I'm your amazing big sister, it's the law! But just for the record.. I suppose I love you too.. Lots and lots!"

We stayed there, laying on the floor with Tia snuggled affectionately in my arms. After a while

though, it got uncomfortable and my back felt a little awkward. I squirmed from our embrace to find that I was laying on a shoe. No wonder I had back pain!

"I suppose we both better get some sleep.. If were going to take on the devil himself later" I grumbled getting onto my feet.

Then I offered my little sister my hand and helped her up. I slung my arm around her shoulder and we made our way up to our rooms. We were both on the second floor and so we slumped up the stairs together, exhausted after the antics that had just occurred. We reached floor two, and I gave her a quick squeeze before I turned left as she turned to the right.

"Later sis!" she chimed.

"Yeah... Later.. Hope the hang over passes" I whispered winking.

"Surprisingly, I agree with you" she said, and we both laughed.

When I got to my room, I was still beaming. I looked at my disarray of bed covers and chuckled lightly to

myself. I was thirsty and went to my bathroom to fill up my glass. I gulped it down appreciatively and slammed the glass down onto the counter. I looked in the mirror and groaned at the dreadful dark rings around my eyes.

"Yes! You absolutely need sleep girl!" I muttered to myself.

My eyes flicked up to the vents in the bathroom roof and it came to my attention that I had urged to cut just less than an hour ago. I looked back at my chaotic bed, proof that I had laughed more in the last hour than I had in the past six months. I switched off the light, shut the door and crashed onto my snug bed.

"You need sleep! But one thing you don't need, without a doubt, is to cut" I thought to myself, and before my mind could disagree, my weak, sleep deprived body took me away into a deep, tranquil slumber.

* I like this chapter because it shows the fun, loving side of their relationship. Before this, you've only seen the typical sisterly banter and you know the

basics - jealousy/guys/clothes... So I liked this because it gives you readers a true insight of their closeness :)

Remember.. COMMENT.. VOTE... Become a fan! :)

Chapter 8

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Seven

This chapter is dedicated to every single one of my 38 fans. I love you all! Really, I do. I appreciate all the comments, votes.. Basically just all the support! I hope you still enjoy it as much now as you always have done, love you lots!!!

CHAPTER EIGHT

When I woke, the room felt eerie and there were streams of bright sunlight that lit the room. I was in a confused, frustrated state after my nights sleep. For once, I remembered my dream. I was one of those people that could have an extremely in depth dream

or nightmare about something, feel everything that happened, but then when I awaken it was totally forgotten. Not today though.

The dream was marvellous, and I had enjoyed it thoroughly. But it was also irritating because it left me unsatisfied. I had been in that nirvana again, where everything was peaceful with a golden glow. And again, just like last time, I had been in pursuit of finding something at the end of the path. The path seemed to be never ending and my surroundings remained un changed. But it was what I saw that left me perplexed. This time I had got further down the path and nearer to the girl in the white dress. And to my astonishment it wasn't red hair that I saw. It was beautiful, long blonde hair that swayed from left to right, and I was sure that it resembled Merissa's hair.. I was sure that it was Merissa! But I never got close enough to know..

I really needed to see Merissa. I missed her. It sounded pathetic.. It was pathetic! The fact that I needed to see the girl that I was besotted with, who firstly I had never spent any proper time with and

secondly probably didn't feel the same, no definitely didn't feel the same, was just plain crazy! That didn't matter to me though. I didn't care if she didn't feel the same. Even if she rejected me completely (it would hurt me terribly) I would still rather have that and her company than nothing at all. It was Monday - thank God! The working week for many had begun, therefore I would get the chance to see Merissa.

I had luckily had a very nice awakening and I felt refreshed after a rich nights sleep. I looked in the mirror and was pleased to see that the sleep had paid off. My panda eyes were long gone and I looked good! I glimpsed at my clock that was ticking almost soundlessly away in the background and saw that it was only eight thirty. Merissa wouldn't be here until at least ten o'clock. That gave me time to relax and get myself sorted.. Before anything else though, I had to shower! I had been so shattered last night that I didn't even shower before bed, which never happened.

I took my time in the shower, carefully shaving my legs as it was a nice, sunny day and so as a result, I

was getting my legs out - For Merissa of course. I was going to dress up today. I don't care if I look desperate, because I am! I am desperate to impress her.. To catch her eye.. To have her! I believed that if I tried hard enough, I could achieve the first.. Two? Maybe.. But the way I wanted to impress her or catch her eye would not resemble the way she would.. The feelings would be different. Her feelings would be innocent, unknowing to what I wish she felt. And the latter, well that wasn't going to happen! Have her. Haha.. I wish! But hey, a girl can dream right?

I got out the shower and saw that it was quarter past nine. Hmm, still quite a bit of time. I slipped on some girl boxers and a sexy lace bra and made my way downstairs. My parents were out and so it was just me, Tia.. And about ten body guards. That's without including all the house staff. I'm not bothered. Whatever. They can look! It's my bloody house and I'm sick of having to tread carefully.. Everyone should be entitled to walk around in the nude in their house! So wearing underwear wasn't exactly pushing the boat out was it?

When I got to the kitchen, there was no cook to greet me with the intoxicating smell of bacon and egg wrapped in freshly baked white bread.. No, I was greeted by a hungry silence. Fine, whatever. I did get up much earlier than usual today. So what could I expect? The staff weren't psychic and how could they have known that I would be up almost three hours earlier than my usual time? Of course they weren't to know.

Anyway, this could be quite fun.. How hard could it be to cook a bacon and egg sandwich? I opened the fridge and grabbed an egg, three slices of bacon and a tub of butter. Then I went to the bread bin and there was still a loaf that had been un touched from yesterday. Its weird, my family would have snubbed their posh little noses up at the thought of day old bread! In fact, I probably would have too if I wasn't the one making it.. Or if I wasn't so bloody hungry! But I was, so my principles flew right out the window.

Okay.. Try to remember how the cook always did it all those years ago. When I was young and still naïve

to the world around me, I used to be infatuated with watching the cooks prepare meals. I used to think it was mind boggling how a little flour, egg and other ingredients that I couldn't name could turn into a cake.. Or how an egg that was "beat up" as I used to put it, could turn into a fluffy, yummy omelette. For me, it was perplexing! And although I never observed the cooks at work anymore, I suppose the awe had never truly gone away, only faded.

I buttered the bread, a task in which I failed miserably at. My bread was not buttered evenly leaving a smooth, level surface. No, it was lumpy with quite a few holes, the result of me scraping too hard! I never was good at this kind of stuff. I was lucky to have been born into the family I had, rather than one where perhaps such basic skills were a necessity.

The worse was not over yet though. I cracked the egg onto the frying pan, that was now extremely hot. It was harder than it looked and there were lots of bits of shell deposited within the yellow liquid. I tried to pick them out with a spoon, but there was still loads

by the time I gave up. I placed the bacon next to the egg and the pan started to sizzle loudly. That was normal so I didn't worry too much. Whilst waiting for the bacon and egg to cook, I made myself a cup of tea. It was only when I smelt the unpleasant stench from the frying pan that I realized it was burning! I ran over to the electric hob, switched off the heat and moved the pan away. I examined the contents. The egg looked like plastic with a rubbery surface and the bacon was just as bad, with patches of black all over it.

There was no way I could eat it now. For god sake! Stupid rich family! I mean fancy making your child learn ballroom, Latin, French, Piano, Flute and horse riding but ignoring the much needed life skills such as preparing the simplest of meals! Urgh! That was one thing that was going on my checklist. Come next week, I was going to start observing in the kitchen again, just like all those years ago. Except this time, I was going to learn how to do it myself!

I abandoned the idea of making my usual breakfast and instead opted for a pear and a yoghurt. It wasn't

the best experience. The juice from the pear rolled down my chin, onto my neck and automatically I tried to stop it with my fingers. They became sticky and I worked myself up into a state of irritation. I had an aversion to stickiness, meaning this really was the icing on the cake for a perfect day. And so after the first two bites, I angrily threw the pear into the bin. I give up on breakfast I grumbled, and after wiping myself down with a warm cloth, I sat down with my cup of tea feeling extremely unsatisfied. Just think about Merissa...

I sat there in a daze and totally lost track of time. When I looked at the clock again I nearly choked on my mouthful of tea. Five to ten! Crap! She'd be here soon and I still had loads to do. I gulped down the rest of my tea and sprinted up the two sets of stairs, panting loudly at my door as I regained my composure.

Okay.. Firstly I need to moisturize. I'd just shaved my legs and I was a sucker for dry skin! I didn't want my skin chapping away so I figured it was best to slosh it on. Once that was done, I brushed the tangles out of

my damp hair and applied a small amount of serum to the ends. I swear, that stuff was life savers! One thing I was proud of was my glossy locks, and it was definitely down to the extremely expensive serum that I demanded from my parents.. I didn't ask for much (compared to my self obsessed sister) and so it was the least they could do. Right?

Next I had to decide what I wearing. I had already established that I wasn't going to hold back.. Completely. Obviously I wasn't going to walk out there wearing a gold shimmer evening dress, with diamonds encrusted on the straps and stilettos that probably cost more than her house.. No, I wasn't going to be that drastic. I opened my wardrobe, which is gigantic. I don't think I ever mentioned before.. That my wardrobe was.. Wall to wall.. Yeah, an idea of mama's. She's obsessed with clothes, which is why it's not surprising that Tia is either. And then there was me.. I had to admit, I had become more interested in clothes in the last few weeks.. In fact, I had secretly ordered a short, sultry looking black dress. It should arrive in a few days, just in time for me to hang out with Merissa.. Yes, you heard me

right. I am going to ask her if she wanted to hang out with me sometime.. And some time soon!

I grabbed my newly chosen clothes and slung them on. I skipped over to the mirror, forgetting that time was a virtue. Hmm, not bad Di! Not bad at all. I was impressed with how I'd managed to pull off the casual combo of tight denim shorts and a simple white t-shirt. I tucked it in, and admired my lovely flat stomach for a few seconds. I slipped my white converses on, applied some eyeliner, mascara and cherry lip balm. I didn't bother with blusher, no doubt she'd be making me blush hideously anyway!

I ran down the stairs, and through the house until I reached the double doors that would lead me outside into the garden.. To her! I took in a deep breathe and opened the door abruptly. My eyes skimmed the garden, and finally they stopped on a perfect figure that was currently in a heap on the floor, picking at weeds. No, not in a heap. That made it sound less perfect than it was. She was perfect- maybe more, no less. She looked up and smiled the most amazing

smile ever. I felt a flutter in my heart. Oh god, she drove me crazy.. Wild!

I approached with care, trying to look at least a tenth as graceful as her when I walked. That's it Di. Sway your hips to the left, to the right.. Left to right, left to..

"Di! What a nice surprise" she beamed as she looked up.

"Woaa."

"Sorry?"

Oh crap! I didn't just do that.. Did I? Please tell me I didn't just ogle her body.. Her face.. Out loud. I did! I bloody did didn't I!? Well, how could you not? She looked hot in a tiny red and white striped dress, that left nothing to the imagination. And to make it worse, she noticed!

"Umm nothing!" I muttered.

"Come on.. Tell me! Is it the dress? I knew it.. It's not for me is it?" she asked, with a remorseful look in her eyes.

That was my fault.. I was responsible for giving her that preposterous idea. See, I'm no good! I'm already hurting her. I was no good for her.

"No of course not! You look gorg- I mean, you look nice." Shit!

"Thanks Di. As long as you think it looks good, that's all that matters I suppose" she said cheerfully.

I could feel myself going red.. My cheeks started to burn like crazy. My heart started to beat at about a million gazillion miles per hour and I could hear the loud thumps throbbing out my from my chest. She slowly rose to her feet, stepped close to me and placed a cool hand on one of my cheeks. She laughed and then cleared her throat.

"Di, you like me don't you?"

"Sorry.. What?" I gasped.

"You.. Like.. Me.. Don't you?" she said calmly.

"What do you mean I like you? I.. Well.. You.."

"I mean you fancy me. You want me. You desire me. That's my theory. Am I right?"

"What? I.. What the? What made you get that crazy idea into your head?!" I snapped.

Who did she think she was? Presuming things like that. Thinking she knew everything. I'll have her know that I.. Okay, So maybe I had a incy wincy, tiny inkling of a crush on her. But that didn't give her the right to get so arrogant about it! No, I wasn't having this.. I was going to put her straight. Tell her exactly what I thought of her presumptions and theories. And I was going to do it by..

She smiled then, a sweet, dreamy smile. How could I be angry with that? I was totally and utterly smitten with her.. A girl I didn't even know! It was one thing being angry with someone you thought you liked, but with her.. It was impossible. I'm helpless when she smiles. Absolutely helpless. She started to walk deeper into the trees, where she was slowly disappearing out of my view. Desperate to finish the conversation, even though I wanted to divert it to something less embarrassing, I ran after her.

"Okay" I finally said.

"Okay what? Am I correct?" she grinned.

"Yes."

"Yes what?" she asked, as she hid behind a large oak tree.

"Yes I am."

"Yes, your what?" she badgered.

"Yes, your right."

"Yes, I'm right about what?" she teased, poking her head out to the side of the tree, before swirling around to another one.

"Christ! Yes, your right" I snapped. "Your absolutely.. Completely.. Totally correct! I fancy you! Okay!?!" I shouted.

My head was spinning with angst and worry. Great! She knew I fancied her, now what? She might be really insulted that I thought I even had a chance with her and so she would charge off, and probably quit. Or she would demand to speak with my mother, tell her everything, and as a result, my mother would know my secret. At the very least she would stay, out of kindness.. And pretend that this never happened,

but there would always be that uncomfortable feeling between us. Whatever way, I deeply regretted ever having said anything..

"Good" she whispered.

"What?" I yelled.

"Good. The feelings mutual" she whispered again.

Yep. Just as I had thought. She was not impressed. She didn't feel the same. She hated me.. I had ruined everything. As usual. Why couldn't I just keep my big fat mouth shut and save myself the pain. It would be so much ea- Wait. Hang on, what did she just say? I looked straight at her, with a confused look in my eyes, my brows furrowed.

"I said the feelings mutual" she repeated, answering my unspoken question.

"The.. Feelings.. Mutual.. You mean.. You Like.. Me.. You.. F-f-f.."

"Fancy you. Yes, I feel the same about you too."

"Really?" I gasped.

"Really. Why's that so surprising?"

"It's just that.. Your so.. Beautiful and I'm.."

"Extremely beautiful too" she interrupted.

"Not compared to you" I sulked.

"Shut up Di! I think.." she said quietly, managing to still seem polite!?!

I did as she said, and bowed my head. I could hear approaching slowly, her footsteps were light and elegant. I shivered slightly, realizing how cold it was. The sun had vanished from my sight, and had been replaced with endless towering trees around me. I crossed my arms around me in an attempt to keep warm.

Suddenly I felt an icy cold pair of hands touch my bare shoulders. One stayed firmly on my right shoulder, whilst the other gradually made its way down to my left side. She placed her free hand on my waist and pulled me closer to her, so I could feel her intense, uncontrolled breaths dance down my neck and around my upper body. She stayed there for a few minutes, as I enjoyed the closeness of our bodies. Even though her skin was ice cold, somehow I started

to warm up. Her hands both slowly found their way to mine, and together our fingers intertwined...

"I think your beautiful" she murmured into my ear.

With one swift movement, she turned my around so our faces were a few mere inches away from each other. I fought not to blink, but the chilly breeze overpowered my efforts. I didn't want to close my eyes, even if it was just for a second, in case I missed anything. I wanted to make the most of seeing her perfect, unspoiled face this close to mine. But my efforts were once again wasted when she leaned in to kiss me. Naturally, I closed my eyes and kissed her back.

This kiss was different compared to the one with the redhead. It was more urgent, more desperate, frantic. Our lips pushed together harshly, and when I did pull away to inhale air, I was disrupted half way through, as her lips met with mine again passionately. She slammed me harshly against a tree, and I tried to ignore the slight pain that jolted through my back, but I couldn't avoid the loud gasp that escaped my

mouth. She froze, and pulled back quickly with a troubled look on her face.

"Did I hurt you?" she choked.

"No.. Don't worry, its fine" my voice broke.

"Your lying. I hurt you didn't I? Sorry, sometimes I just get a little too.."

"Excited?" I asked.

"Yes.. Sometimes just a little too excited" she said regretfully.

"Me too" I added, pulling her face up towards mine. I grinned and she smiled that smile of hers that I

loved so much.

"So you shut up, and make it up to me" I smiled.

I pulled her to me once again and her lips met with mine. I ran my fingers through her hair, and I moaned with pleasure as her lips ran smoothly down my neck and across my collar bone. She was like a drug, even though I had her there with me, I was hungry for more. I wanted this.. Her forever.

Her legs slotted in between mine and her hands glided over my breasts and she started to tug at the bottom of my shirt, trying to pull it up. Without thinking, I grabbed it and yanked it off, so I was standing in my lacy black bra. Her eyes almost popped out of her head, and she squealed with joy. She kissed my lips once again as she pushed herself forcefully against my body, so I was wedged tightly between the tree and her. Her skin felt freezing against mine, which made me even more sensitive and as a result, the experience more pleasurable.

Her hands found their way to my legs, and she pulled them up around her waist. They then travelled slowly to my spine, and she arched my back so I was as tight as I could be against her body. She showered my neck with kisses and my legs wrapped even tighter around her waist as she did so. She undid the button to my denim shorts and was unzipping the flies when I stopped dead in my tracks.

What the hell was I doing?

I pulled away from her lips as quickly as I could, and unwrapped my legs from her body. I wiggled out of

her grasp and searched the hard, filthy floor for my white tee. I bent down to grab it and felt a hand lightly touch my arm. I flinched away quickly and proceeded to dress myself.

"You know, there's nothing wrong.. About what we just did."

"There is.." I said, trying to swallow the large lump that was growing in my throat.

"No, there's nothing wrong with it. At all!" she encouraged.

"Right" I replied coldly.

"I see, you use me to experiment with. Realise its not for you and that's it. Were finished. All done? I get it."

"It's not that.. I just.. I.." I looked down to my feet.

"I know. Your confused? Your glad it happened but at the same time you regret it all?" she pressed.

"No.. No, no. I don't regret anything. At all. It was amazing. I just.. I don't.. Want to rush into things."

"Oh" she said, sounding completely shocked. And relieved..

"Of course it's not that I don't want you! I've dreamt about that moment for so long. I've spent my days visualizing how our first kiss, if we were ever going to have one, would happen. And.."

"I was a let down?" she interrupted with sad eyes.

"No! Even with my vivid mind, I still never thought it'd be that great. It was better than I could have ever imagined."

She smiled.. That smile.. And I was sorry for ever having made her doubt where we stood. After that, there was no going back. No being just friends. And definitely no pretending that it never happened. I took her hands in mine and squeezed them lovingly.

"No regrets. No going back. No doubts" I declared.

"Exactly. No regrets. No going back. No doubts, and no promises" she smiled.

I nodded and let go of her hands. She leaned in for one last kiss and I planted a kiss on her cheek. I knew she was left unsatisfied but I was still puzzled over what she had said about 'no promises.' There I was, being all romantic and devoted. Then she went and

ruined the moment by saying something so distant and reserved. Okay, maybe she was trying to protect herself from being hurt. But seriously, that's like killing something before it's even had the chance to live. Urgh!

I stormed out of the woodlands and up the steep hill towards my house. The journey seemed much longer this time and when I finally reached the house, I was extremely relieved. More than I would have thought. I opened the door, stepped inside, kicked off my shoes and slammed it shut.

"What's up with you?" Tia butted in nosily.

"Nothing that's any of your business!"

"Woaa, something's really rocked your boat. Come on, spill!"

"Its really nothing.. Just one of the guards.. Wouldn't get me a.. Movie I wanted" I lied. "Friggin

useless! What's the point of having them around if they can't supply us with any goods!?!"

"Because they protect us" she smiled.

"What? Tia, why are you being sol.. Wise all of a sudden?"

"Oh, it's nothing" she winked, with a smug grin on her face.

Oh I see, a bit of the old 'two can play at that game.' Fine, but remember Tia, your playing with the big girls now.

What the hell? What was I going on about?

Were not playing a game, because there is no game to be played! Well, aside from the game that Merissa seemed to be playing. "No promises.." The words stung me. Every syllable was like a punch in the face. No promises. And by that she meant?

Chapter 9

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Eight

*Hey guys. Sorry this is such a short chapter. I barely have any time to write at the moment! I'm already an hour and a half late in starting my school work! I guess I set a deadline and didn't stick to it! Haha. See, proof that I love all my fans. All of you! :) Enjoy! xxx

CHAPTER NINE

I didn't do much for the rest of the day. Lounged around, talked to Tia for a while, read a book. The book about politics in fact. I was shocked with what I saw. He wasn't the heroic leader my parents made him out to be. No, he was.. He was a monster.

- - - - -

"He was admired throughout the world as one of the leaders of the emerging nations and as a model for a good transition from colonial leadership. But month by month, year by year, Mugabe became increasingly autocratic; his methods increasingly violent. In recent years he has unleashed a reign of terror and corruption in his country."

- - - - -

So, what were my parents playing at? Sugar coating everything, pretending that it was all okay. They weren't protecting us from gang crime. No, they were actually protecting us from him. But why? Obviously as soon as I could vote, I wouldn't give him my assurance that it would be his.. No way, it wouldn't be! Ever. But he didn't know that. They didn't know that. They didn't even know that I knew who he was! I would ignore it all though, for now. After all, we all sugar coated things every once in a while right? I mean, as far as my parents knew I was a normal, happy teenage girl that planned to live a happy life with a man I loved and would do anything for. Ha. I wonder what they would say if they knew I was a

somewhat manipulative, wise self harmer who pretended everything was okay whilst around others, before retreating to my room to slit my skin until it bled like a river, and then afterwards sat there fantasizing about my next lesbian moment with the girl I was obsessed with. Would they still be proud parents then? Hmm.

On the subject of lesbians, I had tried to block Merissa from my thoughts. Every time I saw her face, remembering how perfect it had been close to mine, I felt a flurry of mixed emotions - Lust, excitement, happiness... Pain, disappointment, anger, distress.. And because of what she had said, regret. Until she had said those two heart crushing words, I had enjoyed every second of our steamy little encounter. But now I was worried.. Worried about what I had let myself in for. Now I knew what I might be missing, there was no way I could stop having her now. I finally had her, even if it was just partially.. I still had her!

So my regret was for having explored just exactly what I was missing.. She was to me what coffee was

to my Papa. I would never function properly without her. The first thing I'd think about when I woke up each morning was her. I'd look forward to having the next "dose" as such with her, and when I did have her, I'd be thinking about the next time I'd have her. If I had just left it, left her to run off into the woods by herself, I wouldn't know anything. I could have turned my back and walked away. But I didn't. I knew... How soft her touch was. How luscious her lips were. How good she tasted. How breathless she made me at the tiniest bit of contact. I KNEW!

"So yeah, he wants me. And I want him. That's the basics of it" Tia said, interrupting my daydream mid way.

"What? Sorry.. What?!?" I asked again.

"I said, we want each other. So it's all good. It will work out."

"What will work out?"

"Us!"

"Who's us?"

"Cadmar and I" she retorted.

"Cadmar!?! Who the hell is he?"

"The hunky, Italian bodyguard that Papa hired" she grinned.

"Oh. You like him?"

"Yes! Haven't you been listening to a word I have said?"

"Ummm... Sorry" I smiled nervously. "Headache."

"Oh darn! Well I'm not explaining it all over again!"

"Please" I begged with a broad smile spread across my face.

As I knew she would, she couldn't help herself and she spilled everything. About how they've been flirting for weeks, how he finally got the courage to admit he liked her and how they "almost, nearly, so closely kissed" - As Tia put it.

Ha. An almost kiss certainly wasn't what I had experienced just this morning. I smiled to myself, thinking of how good it had been.. If I'm honest, I couldn't care less about her romantic liaison with

Cadmar. Yeah, he was hunky however I knew all about him. I'd seen him a few times around the house, once in the garden with Merissa. My lip twitched at the thought, and I switched to a different memory of him before the jealousy took hold. This morning.. In my underwear. He had licked his lips, winked and tried to impress me with a pathetic, out-of-the-book chat up line. I had simply turned around, laughed and told him there was no chance. I didn't tell Tia this though, wouldn't want to crush her teen dream or anything. I'm pretty sure she'd find out eventually anyway.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"Oh. Nothing. Nothings funny, I was only smiling" I replied.

"About what?" she smiled.

Probably thinking that I thought her little romance was lovely and sweet.. She probably also thought that I was smiling because my "baby sister" was finally growing up, and that I was so happy for her. Err - No. I knew my "baby" sister had grown up years ago. She

grew up the day Kamba did what he did... I shivered, then tossed the memory out of my head.

"Just.. How my adorable little sister has grown up" I said whilst smirking. "Its so wonderful to see how

you've blossomed" I went on. "I'm so proud of you honey" I finished.

"Blossomed?" she asked, digging for yet another compliment.

"Yes, you've grown into such a beautiful little thing" I crinkled my nose encouragingly.

"Aww.. No I haven't" she said, expecting more reassurance.

"You have" I simply replied.

There was no way that I was saying more than that. She didn't need help on boosting her ego, it was large enough as it was!

"Oh, okay. I suppose I have got prettier haven't I? Anyway, I must dash. Got to be ready for tonight" she smiled with a glint in her eye.

"Tonight?"

"Yeah. Didn't mama tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Were having a small party tonight. A social gathering as mama calls it. But whatever. I have to go get

ready!"

"Wait, wait, wait!" I grabbed her arm, but she tugged it away.

"Fine! Don't fill me in on the details and stuff. I'm not too bothered about the guest list anyway. Just tell me the time" I pleaded.

"Nine tonight. Then at twelve were having a midnight feast. It's all traditional and stuff. So see you there!"

"Alright. See you later Cinderella" I joked.

Okay.. So there was a party being held at my place tonight.. Nothing to worry about Di.. Nothing at all. All I had to do was show my face for an hour or so, then sneak upstairs until the midnight feast begun, eat a little then back up to go to bed. Simple.

I looked at the clock and saw that it was almost seven. That would give me just about the right amount of time to get ready. I showered, put my underwear on and lounged about in my room allowing myself to dry naturally for once. That was normally my basic routine, but as I've already said, my routine had to be changed for a while since a certain someone came into my life.

You know what. I've been thinking about the whole "no promises" thing. And I think I may have cracked it. She obviously likes me, but not enough to give up her freedom. So she is playing it cool, making no promises so she can do whatever the hell she wants to! Whether that be kissing and touching up other girls.. Or guys. Well fuck her! She can go right to hell. I really liked this girl.. I didn't want to say loved because although I had never felt like this before, I didn't want to as I knew she didn't feel the same and I would only get my heart broken. That was just fine. She could be like that. After all, who was I to tell her how to live her life. I wasn't even her girl friend. I was no-one. So I had no right to tell her what to do. But the thing she has to understand is if that applied

to me, the same applied to her. I'm not one for double standards. Then a thought occurred to me.

"Tia!" I shouted across the stairs in the hallway. No reply.

"Tia, honey, can you come her for a second?" I asked sweetly.

"Just coming" she replied back.

Aha. Just what I thought. Geez, she was easy to manipulate. Her little head popped out from behind her door.

"Yes?" she said breathlessly, looking red and flustered.

I started to walk towards her door but she shuffled around nervously, with her hands up signalling for me to stay where I was.

"Don't come in! I mean.. Err. Yeah, I've just washed my floor" she lied.

She was an idiot. She had laminate flooring which had to be washed all the time. Every day in fact. But she knew as well as I did, that the day she washed

anything other than herself was the day we became poor and homeless.. Never. I heard a loud coming from the inside of her room, and it certainly wasn't her.

"Tia, come here" I said, knowing full well why she wouldn't.

"No. I can't. I'm.. Doing schoolwork."

There we go again. Another lie. She never did school work. She always got one of the maids tot do it. And in return she'd order clothes on papa's credit card and give them to her in return. Of course, she had no idea that I knew. She thought that I was gullible enough to believe that she sat in her room each day, trying her best to do all the work that we got delivered to our house each week (a second best solution to education, seeing as we couldn't be schooled anymore.)

"Tia, don't lie to me" I warned.

"I'm not.. I.. Lying. No. Not me" she smiled.

"You always were a crap liar. Anyway, I don't care about what your up to. It's pretty obvious. Your in

some sexy lingerie, hence the reason why your hiding behind your door. And there's some clumsy guy in there who can't seem to grasp the idea of concealing his presence in your room by keeping quiet and out of the way. Look, I can even see his shadow!" I chuckled to myself. How uneducated in secrecy was she!?!

"Oh bloody hell! You've got me. But sshhh. Don't tell mama.. Or papa." She shuffled around nervously then added "or Kibwe."

"Kibwe? Why would I even tell him? We never see him? In case you hadn't realized, he's gone travelling around the world and has been gone for months! We won't see him for ages yet."

"That's where your wrong. He's coming home.. Today" she beamed.

"Today!?!"

"Yes. Tonight to be specific. He's the guest of honour for tonight. A little cheesy I know, but hey, it's papa's party and so he can do as he wishes."

"Oh I see. Okay."

"What did you want anyway?"

"Huh?"

"You called me?"

"Oh.. Err. Yeah. The guests. Are staff invited?"

"Well yes, the one's who aren't working of course. Just the nobodies. The maids, cooks and those alike."

"Right. Even the bodyguards and.. Gardeners?"

"Gardener I believe. There's no plural" she grinned.

"Okay. Thanks" I replied, before going back to my room.

Oh my God. Tonight was going to be.. Complicated. So Merissa would be here. So would Kibwe. And everyone knows that my brother has the biggest, school boy crush on Merissa ever! Great. And seeing as she was in the mood for playing the field, no doubt it would be his lucky night. I couldn't believe it though. Kibwe. My brother. Back. Here. In my home. His home. Our home. Oh shit.

* REMEMBER that Kibwe is the NICE brother, not the weird, sick twisted one ;)

VOTE. COMMENT. BECOME A FAN! ;) Hehehe.

Chapter 10

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Nine

OH MY GOD! It's been over THREE months since I last uploaded to this. Thats a quarter of a year! GUYS I a SOOOOOOOOO sorry! SO SO SO sorry! I can't believe I managed to stay away for so long! this chapter isn't very long at all.. But I needed to write something to it, AND do some school work.. Anyway, i hope you enjoy this! Thank you to all of my fans that are reading this.. Seduce Me! is really popular with lots of my fans because its teen, but I love this story because it's more adult and the writing standard is so much better! xD

CHAPTER TEN

What should I wear? What should I bloody wear!?! It was now ten past eight, many of the guests had already arrived, my hair and makeup was done and yet I still wasn't any closer to deciding what dress to put on. I had about five in mind, but the problem was, I couldn't wear five dresses, I could wear one. And this dress needed to impress everybody, especially Merissa. It also needed to have the power to give me a memorable entrance and attract many admirers, so that I could make her jealous and make her want to keep me.. Remain loyal and so as a result, make promises. As soon as she made a promise, it would all be fine. No, more than fine, how I wanted it to be.

I decided that there was only one way to do this. I put a dress in each corner of my room and then hung the fifth on the door to the en-suite. I walked to the center of my room, steadied myself and closed my eyes. I started to spin around slowly and picked up speed as time went on. I was having so much fun that I actually forgot the reason for doing such a childish task, and I was only bought back to reality when I felt something touch the bare skin on my back. I flinched

back, stumbled over my feet and plunged to the floor with a loud bang.

"Oh, this is what's taking you so long huh?" someone's voice said faintly.

"Wha- What? Why are you in my room?" I asked with my eyes still closed, desperately trying to ignore the throbbing pain that was coming from my head.

"Well why do you think? I didn't exactly come to water your plants.. Actually, I should really take them back seeing as they were meant for you mum, not you.."

"M- Merissa!?"

"Finally, you managed to recognise your lovers voice" she laughed.

"Lover?"

"Well I'm guessing that after earlier, were more than friends right?"

"Of course.. But lover? Lover! That sounds so.. Sexual."

"Haha. Exactly."

"Merissa.. Do you seriously think that is all we are? Because if you do then I'm sorry but..."

"I'm joking honey!"

"Oh.. Right" I replied, turning onto my back and propping myself up with my elbows.

"Anyway, you seem to be an injured soldier.." she said, and then she lowered herself onto her knees.

"No.. No, I'm fine.."

"Di.. Come on, I can see for myself that your not fine" she said leaning towards me.

I was still dazed from my stumble and it took me a while to realize how good she looked! She was wearing an extremely short, plum coloured dress and she had her long, blonde hair draped over her shoulders in loose curls. Her usually natural face was made up, her eyes heavily coated with black mascara, her cheeks layered with a light, cerise blusher and her lips were smeared in cherry coloured lip gloss.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, nothing to worry about.. I just feel a little sick, that's all.."

"Hmm.. Sit up with your head in between your legs.. That should help."

And so I did as she suggested, which was the best thing to do because I started to feel better pretty quickly. I breathed in and out as slowly as I could and before long, the sickness had disappeared and the headache was faded. She was still kneeling behind me, rubbing my back affectionately to try calm me, which to be honest, wasn't calming me at all.. Whenever she touched me I got excited it, so she really should have stood a few metres away from me.. But I wasn't going to be the one complaining.

I looked up to her after a few minutes and smiled. She beamed back and crawled over the carpet, until she was kneeling opposite me. We looked at each other for quite a while, however my headache started to worm its way back, so I leaned my back against the bed and flopped my head backwards whilst closing my eyes. I didn't realize at first but she edged herself further towards me, placing her knees

into the circle I'd made with my legs. I shot my head up in shock, then instantly regretted it when my head started to thump with an even stronger pain. Her hands slowly traced their way over my legs and onto my bare stomach. I vigorously pushed my body upwards, suddenly remembering that I was only in my underwear. And to make matters worse, it wasn't just any old underwear, it was the sexiest I owned. It was all part of my plan to make Merissa want me.. If she saw the rims of my red lace bra or black stockings, she'd hopefully be begging me to be with her. But seeing all of it, with my lying on my bedroom floor, just the two of us, was NOT anywhere in the plan.

"Just relax" she whispered into my ear, stroking up towards my neck and cupping it in her hands.

"No.. Merissa.. I.." I whispered back,

"Shhhhhh" she hushed, kissing my neck and tugging lightly at my hair.

"M-Mer-Merissa.. Please! How do you expect me to say no when your doing that!?"

"I don't" she giggled, and I became even more breathless.

"Stop.. Seriously.. S-s-stop.."

"Naa-aa! I know you don't want me to" she said stubbornly, finding her way to my lips.

"Mmmm.. I dwo! Mwissa! Cwom om.. We nweed to stwop this" I mumbled whilst she kissed me.

"Mmmhmmmmm" she hummed, nodding her head in disagreement.

"Stop.. Come on Merissa.. We really should stop this" I declared pulling away.

"We should.. But we won't" she continued, pushing her lips back onto mine.

"No.. We shouldn't" I said, pulling away again.

"Di, don't be a spoil sport" she complained, kissing my neck.

"I'm not. I'm just saying it how it is. Now stop it.. Come on.." I hesitated.

"Mmmmmm.."

"Stop it. Now. STOP IT!" I shouted, pushing her off and standing on my feet.

"Woaa.. What's your problem?"

"For fucksake! I said stop it, not carry on!"

"But we were having a good time..?"

"Yeah, totally. What, almost having sex whilst my parents are downstairs!?!"

"It wasn't leading to sex.. And parents just add a risk.."

"No. It means that if we get caught, I'm fucked and your fired! Is that what you want?"

"Of course not.. And I wouldn't get sacked anyway.."

"Oh, and why's that huh?"

"Because no one can resist this? You really think your dad would fire me when I wear so little?"

"I'm sure there's a handful of people that could resist you actually.. Your not totally irresistible!"

"Your right there. But in the handful of people, your not included are you?" she teased.

"Well that doesn't matter."

"Oh but it does" she bit her lip, and leered forward to my face.

"Doesn't."

"Does!" she kissed me softly on the lips but I refused to kiss her back and pulled away.

"Does. Not."

"Fine! Be like this!"

"I will. I don't need you to tell me what to do thank you very much!" I snapped, and the hurt expression on her face made the guilt hit me like a thousand knives.

"What's wrong with you Di? This is not the Di I know?"

"Lets face it Merissa. You don't know me at all."

"Oh.. Right" she muttered, walking to the door and grabbing the dress hung nearest to her.

"I didn't mean.."

"This one will suit you best. But hey, that's just my opinion. It's not as if I matter anyway" she murmured, chucking the dress at me and leaving my room, slamming the door shut.

I gulped heavily, trying to clear my head. I couldn't think when she was in such close proximity to me.. And I couldn't stand upsetting her like that. I looked down at the dress scrunched up in my hands - The pearl white strapless mini dress that clung to every curve on my body perfectly. I smiled lightly to myself.. Deep down, this was the one I had wanted from the start but was too nervous to wear in case she hated it. She obviously DID know the real Di, even if we hadn't spoken much.

I flung my bedroom door open, ran to the crystal banisters and looked down to see the hall way swarming with rich, well dresses socialites. I scanned the faces desperately but when I found no Merissa, I looked for the purple dress. As if it had been rehearsed a hundred times, I caught sight of the plum dress just as she was about to leave through the front door.

"Merissa!" I shouted, and all the guests looked up at a half dressed me.

"Di! What the hell do you think your doing? Get back inside your.."

"Oh shut up dad!" I snapped back,.

I was shocked at how all my respect for him had disappeared in an instant.. I'd never called him anything other than father or papa, despite my friends mocking me about it through out my life.

"Merissa!" I shouted again, and this time she heard.

"I.. I.." I had no idea what I was going to say!?!

"Yes?" she grinned, and I could tell she was enjoying seeing me publicly humiliated.

"I didn't realize purple was your colour" I smirked back.

"Yes.. I didn't realize red was yours either" she raised an eyebrow.

"Why.. Why are you leaving?"

"Leaving?"

"Well yes, that is why your at the door right? I seriously don't want to end on such a bad note.."

"Di.. Come on, I'm not leaving. Unlike most men, my ego won't suffer a major blow because you rejected me" she laughed, and my eyes went wide when everyone's mouths dropped with shock.

"Oh right.. Well I didn't reject you.. I just thought that the white didn't suite me, that's all.. But I was wrong" I laughed nervously, hoping that I could pull a curtain over everyone's eyes.

"Huh? But the dress is.. Oh.. Yeah, see, I knew the white dress suited you better! Always trust a .. Friend."

I sighed with relief as soon as everyone nodded to themselves, probably thinking through our conversation and realizing that such a silly conversation between two girls about rejection did not mean anything at all like that.. Just typical girl dilemmas and wardrobe malfunctions. I suddenly felt horribly exposed and so ran back to my room without saying goodbye to anyone. What a way to start a night! Well.. At least I'd achieved one thing I

had wanted to.. I think it was safe to say that I had certainly made an entrance...

That got a little steamy.. Didn't it? ;)

Chapter 11

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Ten

* Sorry about the wait AGAIN guys.. Its really hard.. And I'm so focused on Seduce Me! right now, its really hard to juggle both.. If you only read this, why not give Seduce Me! a try.. You never know, you might like it and then the wait wont be so long to endure! Aha. Anyway, also this is quite short.. SORRY AGAIN!

* Dedicated to MusikJunkie (aka, MINA! Orrrrrrr Bob.. Wait, is IS bob right!? And I AM Frank righttt?) Aha, anyway, loveeeeeeeeyouuuuuuuuu :)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I pace around my bedroom for a few minutes.. Well what I thought was a few minutes until I was interrupted by one of the staff members in the house, on duty.

"Miss Yeboah.. Your father says that you should.."

"Its Dionne! Don't call me that!!!"

"Oh.. I am ever so sorry Miss.. Dionne" she stuttered.

"No, I am. Sorry, that was really out of order. I just don't feel too good.. Err, what were you saying?"

"Your father says that he thinks its about time you came down now. The meal was supposed to start over twenty five minutes ago, but your sister refuses to start until you come down. Apparently the two hundred guests are growing increasingly hungry."

"Okay. Tell him I'll literally be, thirty seconds!"

She left my room hurriedly and I stood there panicking about what to do. Should I just go downstairs? I don't think I can.. Not with Merissa there.. And Kibwe.. But I had no choice. Of course I had to friggin go! I straightened my dress, well what

was there, and scrunched my hair a little to give it some volume. This was going to be yet another interesting night.. For god sake. I hate my life.

"Finally, she's joined us!" my father shouts, and the two hundred strong crowd cheer with delight, making me blush tremendously - Not a good look for me.

"Yes.. Finally" a familiar voice hums into my ear, and I turn to see my brother.

"Kibwe! Oh my god! Your actually here!!!" I scream.

"No, I'm just a fixture of your imagination.." he jokes.

"Oh shut up you! I WAS glad to have you back, but now I'm having second thoughts.."

"I could say the same about you too!" he laughs, then pulls me tightly to his side for a hug.

"Dinner is served" a loud male voice announces, and the crowd cheer once again.

The dinner was is out and I drool over the endless assortments of food that are led out.. Yum! I was starving, so nothing would go to waste! I didn't

bother to scan the room, or even the table of fifty that I am sitting on. Oh no, the food came first, and always would do.

"So Di, how's things been?" Kibwe asked intrigued, and I growled a little.

"Brilliant, as I'm sure fathers told you" I smile sarcastically towards my father.

"Of course" he chuckles back, detecting the hidden connotations behind my remark.

"Ahh well, at least you've had Merissa to keep you company" he says.

"What?" I spit, choking on the mouthful of roast pork in my mouth.

"Merissa, I'm sure she's great company for you teenage girls" he says, nodding ahead of him.

I look up to see Merissa sitting opposite me, grinningly widely. My eyes open just as widely and I look at her questioningly. What has she told my brother!? I look back to him and his face looks

reasonably innocent, although I know how mischievous he can be..

"Erm yeah, she's alright" I say, smiling a little.

"Alright!? How kind of you!" he replies with a false, shocked tone.

"Yes, how very kind of you Dionne" Merissa says cunningly, with the grin still spread across her face.

"Well, the truth hurts ayy? You both should know that.. And I'm not making any.. PROMISES to be any kinder for the rest of the night" I add, looking Merissa straight in the eye as I do so.

"No one asked you to" Merissa answers, the grin gone from her beautiful face.

"Good. Because.. Well because.. Yeah."

"Right, ladies.. I don't know about you but I'm keen to know ALL the gossip" says Kibwe.

"Take it ahead Merissa" I answer uninterested, tucking into my pork.

"No, I wouldn't want to take the honour away from Dionne" she snipes.

"No really, please do" I smile.

"Okay.. Well, its been.. Interesting. There have been a few surprises around here. Certain revelations, and unforeseen happenings between certain people. There's one rumour that two girls were spotted making out in the woods just earlier today!" she acts surprised.

"No way! Who!?"

"Well, a little birdy told me that.."

"Haha. As if Merissa! Don't get him excited!" I butt in, throwing her an ice cold glare. "She's just teasing you Kib. No such thing has happened around here, nor will it ever.. Unfortunately for you" I lie, hitting him lightly on the arm.

"Aww man! That sucks! Its alright though, I've got what I want just here" he coos, looking into her eyes.

"Who's that?" I ask, unable to hold my tongue.

"She knows who she is" he says, still looking into her eyes.

"Then why don't you tell her then!"

"Because.. I like to bide my time.."

"Well don't. Better in than out."

"No, that's not the way to charm a girl" he replies, STILL staring at her. The worse thing is, she's staring back just as intently.

"Well she.. She might not even like you! So take the blow sooner rather than later!" I shout.

"What?" he snaps his head sidewards towards me.

"I was just saying.. She might not want YOU!"

"Then again, she might" Merissa answers. WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK!

"And then again, she might not" I fight back.

"And then again, she might really like him. She might be waiting for him to ask her out. She MIGHT not want anyone else to interfere. And she MIGHT want to share his life and thoughts, as well as promises."

I slam my cutlery down, wiping my mouth with the hand embroided serviette, then I screech my chair back on the marble floor. One of the waiters run towards me, about to pull the chair out for me.

"No. I can do it myself thank you" I say, standing up and sorting my hair.

"Dionne, where are you going?" my mother asks me.

"Yes, were not even into the main course yet!" my father warns me.

"I know. I'm excusing myself.. I'm not hungry" I say, suddenly feeling sick.

"Dionne, what's wrong? Was it something I said because if so then-" my brother pleads.

"No, its nothing YOU said or did. I just don't feel too well" I smile falsely, trying not to cry.

I turn and walk across the hall, which has never seemed so big until now. That's what humiliation does for you. I charge towards the doors, finally, and the waiters open it for me swiftly. I hold my head up high and carry on doing so until I've escaped the view of all the diners and turn towards the staircase, eventually collapsing onto it in tears.

"Are you okay?" I hear a voice echo from around the corner.

"I'm fine, leave me alone" I sob.

"You don't look very fine to me" the voice replies softly.

"You cant see me, so technically you can't say that."

" I can now" the voice says and I look up to see none other than the fiery red head.

"W-w-what are you doing here!?"

"What I'm supposed to" she smiles.

"Which is!?"

"Accompany my brother to this social event" she says, sitting herself next to me on the same step.

"Your brother? Who's your broth- Wait.. Its not.. Howard is it!?" my mouth falls open, remembering how it is that I came to meet the red head. She smiles and I shake my head speechless.

"What's so wrong with that?"

"You DO know that Howard's feelings towards me aren't mutual to mine!?"

"Yes."

"And you DO recall our err.. Changing room encounter!?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think that's just weird!?"

"No. I don't mind sharing.."

"Noooooooooooo. Your not serious are you because I don't really-"

"I'm kidding! I know that Howard wants you very much. But I've never let his wants get in the way of my desires, so all I have to say to him is, game on!"

"What, so your willing to fight for me?" I smile, feeling the adrenaline rush.

"No. Because as far as I'm concerned, I've already won" she answers smoothly, slowly leaning in to kiss me.

Although I find her kiss sweet and careful, that's not what I'm looking for. I edge closer to her, leaning her back onto the stairs whilst still kissing her. I start to kiss her faster, upping the pressure I apply onto her lips. She groans with pleasure and that just excites

me more. I bring my hand up towards her inner thigh where it stays whilst I place my upper body over hers lightly. She pulls away from the kiss and as I'm about to protest about the length of this steamy encounter, her lips connect with my neck and I feel her tongue leaving a warm trail across it. I throw my head back in pleasure and open my eyes slowly, only to crap myself when I see the blurred figure of someone watching us. I quickly roll off her, standing up and adjusting my dress. I look at her and then back to the figure.

"Oh, so we cant make out in your room and yet you can fuck this slut just metres away from a room full of guests huh? That's including your parents!"

"M-Merissa. I.. Its not what it looks like.."

"Oh but I think it is!" she shouts angrily, making me jump with fear.

"Apparently not" the read head mumbles, standing up to walk away.

"Actually, you know what" I say, grabbing her hand and pulling her to my side. "Yes, it is what it looks

like. We were just kissing whilst not giving a shit what everyone else thought or saw. We were getting a bit carried away and yes, if you hadn't of interrupted us, we may have fucked. Not that its ANY of your business, seeing as your practically my brothers girlfriend!"

"I am not.""

"Well, you will be soon. I think after that little stunt you'll be getting what you want tonight! Then you can share your little secrets and promises with him then!"

"You know that's not what I want."

"Well what do you fucking want then!?"

"You. I want you" she steps forward to kiss me, and as the red heads hand slips away from mine, I cling onto it tightly and move away.

"Its just a little too late. I don't want you. I want.. This girl" I smile.

"What.. Her! You don't even know her fucking name!" she shouts, and I scold myself for this.

"Perhaps not, but I know other things about her" I reply smugly, biting my lip and walking upstairs hand in hand with the redhead.

"Fine. Fuck you!"

"I'd rather not, when I've got this" I hold up the hand I'm grasping.

Once were in my room, I shut the door and slam the beauty against the wall. We start to kiss again but it just doesn't feel the same. She begins to tug at my dress and I step backwards before she manages to get it off. She looks at me bewildered and I think for a few seconds before I answer her silent questions.

"The moments gone" I admit.

"Definitely."

"Sorry."

"Don't be. Its not your fault that bitch got jealous!"

"Don't call her that!"

"What? After all that she said about you? About me!?"

"Mmmmmmm." I mumble, turning my back to her.

"You still like her don't you?"

"NO!"

"Right. Of course not. Anyway, I refuse to be your bit on the side. Its all or nothing.." she begs, waiting for a reply. One which she won't get.

"Scarlett!" I hear someone shout..

"Yeah Howard, I'm coming!" she answers and she looks at me with a painful expression.

"Scarlett.. Nice name."

"Yeah, my mum thought it'd be cool to use the name as soon as she realized I was going to inherit her red hair."

"It suits you."

"Well, its hard not to isn't it?"

"Good point."

"Anyway, I better go. See you around.." she mutters, walking out the door and shutting it quietly behind her.

So.. Her names Scarlett. Pretty name. Pretty girl. Quite original of her mother.. Haha, I giggle at my own pathetic joke. What just happened!? A few weeks ago.. No, even DAYS ago, I thought I was straight. I pretty much knew it. And now I've made out with two girls and enjoyed it thoroughly. They are both the fixations that made my life worth living, and yet both of them were making my life a living hell.

But that wasn't the only thing clouding my mind. What the fuck was Merissa playing at? Leading my brother on like that!? The last time I checked, she wanted his fucking sister. The OLDER one.. But my point is.. She wanted the SISTER and not the BROTHER!!! Oh and she could make promises to him but not to me!? Jesus, that girl pissed me off so much. So so much! And yet I needed her. I hope that she's feeling as hurt now as I was earlier.. As I am now.

Why was my life so fucked up? Nothing about it was normal. The only normal thing about it used to be my love life.. And now that's even screwed.. Ha, more like lust life. But still, you get the point. So I wanted a

girl who's brother wanted me, and had also had a tiny bit of me. And I also wanted the girl who apparently wanted my brother too, who happens to be obsessed with her. Nothing was simple! No, no.. I tell a lie. One thing was. I walk into my en suit and stand on the cabinet to reach into the vents and grab my razor. I hold out my left wrist and use my right hand to make three deep, clean cuts into my arm. Slash. Slash. Slash. Bleed. Bleed. Bleed. Great. Greater. Greatest.. Then I feel myself start to fall into unconsciousness and I smile as I recognize the lovely red heaven I've become so acquainted with, which welcomes me through its doors. Mmmmmmmm, nothing like the taste of rusting copper..

Chapter 12

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Eleven

* Sorry I made you guys wait so long for this chapter.. I have my final GCSE exams in a few weeks, and they are very important. I've also had work and other stuff going on.. So I am sorry..

* This chapter is dedicated to xKathy - This girl is brilliant. Hopefully she will survive the shock of this to read on.. But if not Kathy, know that I'll always remember you! ;) ahahaha.. No on a serious note.. This girl is awesome and the reason why I actually wrote this chapter!

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Get off of her!" Kibwe shouts.

"Oh shut up.. Who do you think you are? Ordering me to do something.. Stupid piece of scum" one of the dark skinned black men shouts.

"I'm so sorry.. This... We wanted to protect you Dionne" my mother screams as a man bundles a bag over her head.

"Why'd you have to be so damn stubborn!? We never wanted you to go back to school" my dad says sadly.

"I.. What.. I don't understand!? What's happening?" I stutter as another man pulls tightly at the ropes wrapped around my wrists.

"Please, let her go. She doesn't understand!" Kibwe screams.

"She may not understand, but she knows too much."

"No.. No, no, no! She doesn't.. She can keep quiet.. We'll MAKE her stay quiet if we must!?"

"No. That's simply not an option. She must be killed. All of you must be-"

I shoot upright, panting in my bed. My eyes are still closed and I try desperately to wash away the violent

images in my mind. My hands instinctively shoot up towards my head, and my hair feels damp with sweat. I feel a few sweat beads drop from my forehead.. What the.. Why was I so hot? I open my eyes to find that I'm not in MY bed.. In MY room.. In MY house. I'm in a.. A.. HOSPITAL!

"Finally, you've come around" my Mother sighs with relief

"Mu-"

"No! Don't.." my Mother interrupts.

"I.. It's.. I.."

"Darling.. Dionne.. Don't."

"I.. You.." then I stop myself when I look into her distraught eyes.

I feel a pang of pain jolt from my left wrist and I look down to see the blood stained bandage on it. I gently caress the cuts through the bandage. I debate explaining myself to my Mother but when I look up to see her staring meaninglessly out of the window, I decide its better off for me to stay quiet. Or at least

avoid talking about what happened, and why.. I mean SHIT.. She knew about the cutting! THAT was bad enough.. But of course she'd want to know WHY I did it.. I couldn't tell her it was 'boy problems' because I don't know any boys anymore! And she couldn't know about my fucked up lesbian love life..

"D-Does dad know?"

"Yes."

"How? W-why?"

"As if he wouldn't. When the ambulance came it wasn't exactly discreet.. And with two hundred guests screaming at the sight of you.. Well, you get drift."

"Is he.. Angry with me?"

"Yes! No.. I don't know."

"You must know.. You must have talked?"

"No.. We've briefly talked about it. He's away on business and I've mainly been here."

"He's.. Away.. On business? Whilst I'm struggling for life at hospital!?"

"Well not exactly.. Although you were an alarming case at first, they soon stabilized you. Then he got the go ahead to go and got the flight."

"To where? Actually you know what, I don't want to know."

"Yeah, I could say the same thing."

"What.. So you don't want to know why I do.. I mean did this to myself?"

"We know you're a frequent cutter Dionne.. The evidence is all over your body. The doctors showed us."

"Oh.. Well then there's no point in hiding it. But I'm not talking to you about it."

"We don't expect you to honey" she says sweetly, a sudden change of tone in her voice.

"What?"

"What do you mean what?" she asks in the same butter-wouldn't-melt-on-me kind of tone.

"What's the catch?"

"Why presume there's a catch?"

"There's ALWAYS a catch."

"Oh fine! Its either you talk to a psychologist and go back to school or you'll be admitted to a psychiatric ward until you're.. Healthy again."

"WHAT! You want me to go to the nut house!?" I shout as loud as I possibly can.

"No.. No, WE don't want you to. It's the scenario the staff here have presented us with."

"But I.. Psychologist? That's for people who.. Aren't right in the head."

"I know."

"So why.. But.. Hmm" I mumble defeated..

How ridiculous of me. As if I even dare sit here and talk about psychiatric help as if its million miles away from me. I, being a serious fellow self harmer, was just the type of person these people dealt with. So I had no choice. I had to agree. And there was one very positive outcome from all of this.. Going back to school!

"Fine. I'll do it."

"Oh thank god! We couldn't bare the thought of you having to go to such a place!"

"More like you couldn't bear the endless journeys back and forth for visits.. That's presuming you would have visited" I scowl.

"Sweetheart! Don't be like that! You know your father and I care very much for you!"

"Do I? Really though.. DO I!?" I snap.

"Yes, of course you do.. You just have to look around you to see how much we love you!"

"Oh yes.. That's right.. The clothes.. The expensive furniture.. The jewellery.. Because that must be living PROOF that you're love for me is undeniable! Ergh. I'm sick of it!"

"Darling! Please don't be-"

"Get out!"

"But I just want-"

"GO.. Now!"

"Dionne- Please let me-"

"Get. The. Hell. Out. Of. This. Room. Before. I. Get. Someone. To. Escort. You. Out!"

"I.. Well.. Fine. I'm going" she mumbles shoving the magazines on her lap into her expensive Hermes bag.

The room is filled with an awkward silence until she finally leaves.. Then I let out an enormous breath of relief.. Thank God she's gone! She pisses me off just by being in my presence. Silly woman. I'm sick of her. And my father. I'm sick of everyone. I'm sick of missing my brother Kibwe.. And having to force the awful memories of my other brother Kamba out of my head.. I'm sick of being trapped in this large, familiar house that I was supposedly expected to call home. I was sick of trying to pretend to be something.. Someone I wasn't.. I was a lesbian. And yet I had to invent a man obsessed alter ego instead to cover my tracks. And I was definitely, without a doubt, sick and tired of girls. Scarlett wasn't too bad.. In fact she was good.. Lovely.. Kind.. Sweet.. But she just wasn't Merissa.

"Good to see you're alive then" a female voice says gently from the doorway, and I look up to see Merissa.

"Yeah.. Not that you'd care or anything.. I'm surprised you've even noticed my absence now that you have Kibwe."

"Don't be like that Di."

"Why? Why should I be any different? After all, why should YOU even be here when you've got my darling brother to run back to."

"It's not like that. Of course I should be here!"

"Why!?"

"Because I found you!"

"No you didn't. My mum did."

"No, she didn't? What made you think that?"

"I.. She.." then I remembered our conversation and there had been no discussion about who'd found me.

"Remember now?"

"No. I don't."

"I came and found you.. After the argument I went back to the dinner.. But I couldn't bare to leave things like we had done. So I excused myself from the meal and came to find you.. I spoke for ages at the door, thinking you were too upset to let me in.. But eventually I got pissed off and charged in.. To find you laying on the floor passed out with blood all over you.. Your face.. Hands.. Dress.."

"Sorry you had to see that."

"No! I'M the one who should be sorry.. If it hadn't have been for me.. You'd have been okay."

"Really.. No, I wouldn't have. I've been cutting for months.. Ever since I've been locked up!"

"Locked up?" she asks baffled.

"Yeah.. Well that's how I view it.. Perhaps not locked up in the traditional sense.. As in I can actually walk around my house.. But that's about it!"

"But that's your choice though?"

"What?"

"You're dad.. He said you and your sister chose to be home schooled.."

"What! He said what!?" I spit.

"Oh.. So you didn't chose that then?"

"NO! NO I FUCKING DID NOT! I hate it there. Being here is better. I may have to rein act the events of last night to recapture the moments of escapism.."

"No don't! No.. Please.." she begs.

"Why? It's not as if I'll die.. Although that wouldn't be so bad.."

"You might! What if I'm not there to find you in time.. Di, you only just made it!"

"So close.." I mutter disappointedly.

"But not close enough. And you never will be again" she says stepping closer, slowly taking my tender wrist in her hands and stroking it.

"I can't promise anything" I say truthfully.

"I would say I can't either.. But I can. I promise that.. I.. I promise that I'll never let anything happen to you.. Not like this."

"You said no promises.." I reply looking down and pulling my wrist away.

"I know what I said okay!?"

"And so do I.." I whisper trying to fight the tears.

"I know Di! That's why your in fucking hospital! I know that.. And I feel awful about it! Then I try to make amends for it and you throw it all back in my face.. Jesus, you don't know how much this has hurt me!"

"I'm sorry.." I say.

"See! You're sorry! Why? Why the fuck should YOU be sorry!? I'm the silly bitch that thought playing hard to get would make you want me as much as I want you!"

"As much? What, you want me? And not.. Kibwe?"

"Of course I don't want him! I don't like men! Jesus, I thought you knew that about me at least!"

"I thought I did.. But it looked so real.. So believable."

"I know.. That's what tore me apart.. The fact that you were so EASILY fooled!"

"How was I meant to know any different?"

"Because.."

"Because what!? How do I know that you're not just being paid to tell me this!?"

"What are you talking about Di?"

"You heard me! I know my father.. And how screwed in the head he is.. He's probably paying you to lie to me.. His own little way of contributing to his fucked up daughters' recovery! I mean come on!? Why did you come and find me.. After what I said.. And did.. Why the hell would you do that Merissa!?" I shout.

"Because.."

"Because what!?"

"Because.. You.."

"Because I what!? See, you have no answer. You're a fucking fake. Get out.. Get out of my life!"

"I can't!" she snaps back.

"Why? You don't actually want me! You should have left me for the dead!"

"Shut up!" she says launching forward to kiss me and then pulling away seconds later.

"No.. You should have. Why did you even bother to save me? Come on.. WHY!?"

"Because I fucking love you!" she screams back at me and my mouth drops.

"W-whaaaa?"

"Yes, you heard me. I said I fucking LOVE you okay!? You have taken over my life and I LOVE you. That's why I didn't want to make any promises.. The last time I made a promise I got my heart broken. Promises mean nothing to anyone any more.. Apart from me! That's why I didn't want to okay!? Its because I LOVE YOU DIONNE!"

"Leave" a voice interrupts and we both turn to look at the doorway to see my mother standing there with a deadly expression on her face.

"It's.. I.. I didn't.." Merissa stutters.

"Get out" she says in the same monotone as she had before.

"But I need to.. Di.. We need to talk some more" Merissa pleads, looking into my eyes with desperation.

"No. No you don't. You'll talk no more. Get out. Get to the house, get your stuff and leave. You'll get the rest of this months wages and that's it. Find a new job.. A new town.. And a new lover!" my mother screams.

"NO! YOU get out" I scream back.

"What?"

"Yes. You heard me. Get out.. Now! Merissa, stay!"

"No.. I better go Di.."

"Yes, she better.. And WE need to talk Dionne. You have A LOT of explaining to do!"

"What's there to explain? I'm a lesbian Mother.. Ever heard of one of them in the little bubble of a life father surrounds you in!? Or do I need to explain further?"

"No. I understand fully.. I understand the sins your committing.. The disgrace your bringing to this family.. The DISGUST you bring to me!"

"Good. I'm glad you understand. Now go."

"No."

"I said go! Get out!"

"Di, I'll catch up with you later.." Merissa adds from the doorway.

"No.. Stay, Merissa I want you to-" but its too late.. She's already left.

"Look what you did!"

"I did what was right for this family. For my daughter. And your going to do the same!"

"No. I'm. Not."

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm fucking not you stupid cow!" I hiss back and her hand swings from her side towards my face and wallops it severely, instantly bringing tears to my eyes.

"I'm so sorry.. I didn't mean to.. I.. Dionne please forgive me.."

"Fuck off! Get out.. Get out of my life! I hate you.. Hate you.. Hate you!!!" I torment her, struggling to get out of the bed to usher her away.

"Darling, get back into bed.."

"No.. Get out! Leave me alone!" I proceed, charging towards her and using all of my strength to try inch her away.

"Dionne.. Please.. Stop.. You're causing a scene.."

"Arghh! GET OUT!" I scream as loud as my lungs allow me to.

"Honey, sshhhhhhh" she whispers, wrapping her arms around me and tightening them seconds later.

"Get off me! Get.. Off!" I struggle, trying to get away from her grasp.

"SECURITY! HELP! NURSE!?" my mother shouts.

"Get away.. All of you.. Mother, get the fuck off of me!" I roar, kicking my legs outwards.

"Dionne.. Dear, please calm down" a man in a doctors uniform coos calmly.

"No.. GET OFF OF ME! Get her.. Her! She's the one you should be locking up! Not me!" I cry, throwing my head backwards in a desperate attempt at setting myself free.

"Sweetie, this will hurt a little.. Try to relax" a new voice replies, and I suddenly feel a sharp needle being injected into my neck.

I try to fight against the fast approaching drowsiness but there's not enough inner strength within me to do so. My body quickly turns limp and my eyes start to close subconsciously. The last thing I remember is my mothers face.. The tears in her eyes. The cries from her mouth. Her frantic hands trying to hold onto mine as the nurses and doctors wrestle to support me.. And then it all disappears and I'm introduced to blackness. Cold, bitter, lonely blackness. I manage a smile.. It's not as if I've not been here before.

* WHAT A CHAPTER HUH!? Feel free to comment people.. You KNOW how much it motivates me! ;)

Chapter 13

Behind Closed Doors - Chapter Twelve

* WOW, what a fast upload. Well I thought I better make up for might be a lack of them seeing as I have lots of exams coming up in the next four to five weeks.. Urgh

* This chapter is for Gabiejoy10711 and for her hilarious comments on almost every single one of my chapters! I read them al this morning and they made me giggle.. Put me in a good mood for work! Enjoy Gabie! ENJOY EVERYONE! :)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I wake up to a banging headache.. Ergh, its really doing a good job at making me forget just about

everything else going on in my life.. For a split second. Then I remember. I slip on the white dolly shoes mums brought for me and wrap my black coat tighter around me. I look up to see her yet again looking away. That's all she ever seems to do now. Its been a week since our little.. Moment. I refused to talk to her for three days but eventually small talk began to take place. And although we hadn't progressed much since, we were on talking terms at least.

"I'm ready."

"Right. Well lets get going then. I can't stand this place!"

"You can't stand this place? Err mum, your not the one who's had to stay here constantly for the past week!"

"Mmm.. True."

"Then again, I'm used to imprisonment so I adapted easily" I smirk, mentally praising myself on such a good taunt.

"Well you'll soon grow out of that, once your back at school" she replies and my smile drops.

"School?"

"The deal... Remember?"

"No.. I'd kind of forgotten about that."

"Well we haven't. And neither have the staff here. Your scheduled to start Monday."

"But mum.. That's tomorrow!"

"Oh yes, so it is.. I'm sorry, I've lost track of time recently.."

"I can't start tomorrow!"

"Why not?"

"I have things to sort out with Merissa! And I need to-"

"Dionne, no. There's nothing to sort. She left the house on Tuesday. We have a new gardener now.."

"What!? And you didn't even tell me.. Mum I can't believe you'd do this to-"

"And guess what!? He's male. Yes, he's eighteen so a tiny bit older than you. Very handsome."

"Mum, you know I don't care."

"And he's got these lovely big green eyes!"

"Bet they're nothing compared to Merissa's!"

"And he's tanned with a body to die for!"

"Again, probably nothing on Merissa" I reply stubbornly.

"Dionne! Shut up! There's going to be a new rule at home. We never, under any circumstances, talk about Merissa!"

"Oh what like the rule where were forbidden to talk about Sienna.."

"Don't you even dare Dionne.."

"You know, the woman father wanted to leave you for almost ten years ago! But it was you and your pathetic promises that made him stay!"

"Shut up!"

"What was it you said? You'd turn a blind eye to all the affairs.. Just as long as he stayed and allowed us all to remain a normal, family unit. And as long as he always came back to you"

"I said shut up!"

"Ha! What good that did for your marriage and failing romance! I couldn't count the number of woman he's had whilst you're away or out with your friends on two hands! There's that many!"

"I said shut the fuck up Dionne!"

"That's probably why you hate Merissa.. Oh my god! Yes, its obvious he's always wanted her. And then to find your beloved son wanted her too.. That must have been a kick in the face. She was just a time bomb waiting to go off.. And YOU were looking desperately for any excuse to get rid of her! Must have been the final nail in the coffin when you realized she had your daughter as well!"

"Please tell me you weren't intimate with her?" she growls.

"Intimidate? By that do you mean have we had sex? Oh no, not yet. I like to make them wait you see. But we plan to.. We've gotten pretty close to it.."

"Oh god.. I think I'm going to be sick.."

"Hey, look at it like this.. At least you don't have to nag me about using contraception! I won't be getting pregnant any time soon! I won't drop the bombshell you did on the love of my life by telling them I'm pregnant.. With someone else's baby!"

"Dionne.. Why are you being like this? You know we don't talk about Tia's biological father."

"I know. I also know we don't talk about your daughter being a lesbian.. But here we are, talking about it!"

"This is the last conversation that will include that slut. Now get your stuff, were leaving. Now."

"Fine, but I want you to know that-"

"Miss Yeboah.." a husky voice interrupts.

I snap my head side wards to see a tall, slim, pale faced woman with long, black wavy hair. I notice her

eyes.. Her bright, golden eyes and gasp when I see how beautiful they are.. How beautiful she is. She's amazing. She's wearing a skin tight pencil skirt and a light blue silk blouse tucked neatly into it. I look at the keyboard and pen in her hands and frown.

"Err.. Yes?" I reply slowly.

"Hi, I'm Cerise" she smiles.

"Umm.." I answer dumbly.

"Cerise, as in you're future psychologist" she smiles again.

"No way!" I shout with bundles of optimism in my voice.

"Umm.. Kerry?"

"Cerise" she corrects, and my mum apologizes for already forgetting her name.

"Yes, Cerise, can we talk outside for a moment please?"

"Umm.. Sure, although you know I'm purely here for your daughter" she laughs.

"Oh I know.. I don't need help. But we need to discuss something quickly.." she says in a hushed voice.

"Okay, that's fine. Dionne, can you wait in here and I'll be with you in a second" Cerise says and then they both leave hurriedly.

Its obvious their talking about me. My mother, she just can't stand any attractive woman being around me. I've noticed it whilst being here in hospital. Every nurse she watches like a hawk.. You know, just in case they try to take advantage of a fucked up teenage girl.. Pfffft, as if its gonna happen. It just doesn't, not in this world. Which is why she was being absolutely ridiculous about Cerise.. What did she think was going to happen!? She was probably an extremely professional psychologist, and why should my mother presume any different. Just because she's hot. It's ridiculous!

I step towards the window and lift one of the wooden panels in the blinds with my index finger. I can see them having a reasonably heated discussion, with my mothers hands flying all over the place and Cerise trying to calmly reassure her that nothing is

going to happen. Frustrated with the lack of sound, I scuffle over to the door and press my ear against it..

"Mrs Yeboah, I can assure you that Dionne will be in the best of hands."

"Its not that I don't trust you, its just that I don't trust her. She's in a bad place at the moment."

"I've been notified about that, which is why she'll be in the best of hands accepting help from me. I'm trained to deal with all sorts of circumstances. Really, she will be fine!"

"No.. No, I don't think you quite understand Cerise.. Dionne is a.."

"No, I don't think YOU understand Mrs Yeboah. I'm fully trained to deal with ANY possible outcome. I have been assigned to lead Dionne's treatment and therefore I will do everything in my will to help her. And so if you don't mind, let me get to my patient please" she replies sharply and I run to my bed and grab one of the magazines from my mums bag.

"Dionne, sorry about that. Your mother and I just had a few things to clear up."

"That's fine. I was just having a good look at err.. This magazine" I stutter, holding it up shakily.

"Wow. You can read upside down? That's impressive" she winks and we both laugh.

"Okay.. You got me. So maybe I was a little nosey. But you can't blame me. After all I thought you were going to talk about me and I WAS right! But sorry for invading your privacy.."

"Don't be. It's fine. We have no secrets in this relationship. Its important for you to recognize that the bond we shall develop will be like none you've experienced before. I want you to feel comfortable in knowing that anything discussed shall stay between just you and I.. Unless I think you'll bring harm to yourself or others. But I'm sure it won't come to that again, right?" she grins.

"Right" I smile, seriously doubting the last bit.

"Anyway.. We don't actually have an appointment until Wednesday, but I thought I better introduce myself before you leave."

"Oh okay.. So I'll see you on Wednesday then" I say, twiddling my thumbs.

"Yep. Here's the details you need to know. If you get stuck on directions to my office, give the number on the bottom a call and I'll try to help you find your way."

"What, that's your number?" I say excitedly.

"Yes, it is. And I trust my patients not to take advantage of it. Which I'm sure you won't do" she smiles. "So its just for emergencies.." she finishes.

"Just for emergencies.. Basically don't use it apart from when I'm lost! Got it" I smile disappointedly.

"Dionne, come on. It's time to leave" my mother hisses bitterly.

"Okay" I say grabbing my bag and walking to the door.

"See you on Wednesday Dionne" Cerise says when I look back quickly, and I smile in return.

"Don't even think about it" my mother warns once we've exited the room.

"Think about what?"

"Her. She's your psychologist, and nothing more."

"For god sake mum! I don't want to get into the pants of every girl I meet" I spit back angrily.

"Well, you never know. And just remember, you're her patient. And by that I mean she looks at you like a mother does her child, a teacher does her student. Your sick Dionne, and that's not attractive."

"Mum, shut up. Really, shut the hell up. Your pathetic and desperate. No one finds that attractive, and obviously dads part of that group. So for your own good, just don't speak okay?"

The journey home was again awkward. As always. I was kind of getting used to the awkward moments with my mother. You just do, when it happens so frequently. I plug myself into my ipod which I had demanded my mother bring to me the day I woke up from unconsciousness. I couldn't go a day without music, let alone a week! Pffffft. As if that's even possible. The lyrics glide into my mind as the sound of music flows into my ears and I allow myself to

close my eyes and drown out anything else. That's how it stayed until I felt the car come to a halt. I open my eyes and look back at the place I call home and wince. Not here again. But this time it was different. I wasn't going to be trapped here without being let out again for another four months.. This time it'd serve as what I'd like to call my service station. Where I eat, drink, sleep. That's it.

I open the door before one of the guards gets the opportunity to do it for me. It was time for change, and that meant everything. From now on I'd make my own meals, and when I couldn't I'd refuse to be treated as royalty. I would fetch the food myself, pull out my own chair, pour my own drink. The whole waiting on foot thing was ludicrous! I walk to the front doors and take a deep breathe before I step inside. I dump my bag at the bottom of the stairs but then realize that it won't be my mother or father who picks it up and sorts it out, like most families. It will be the maids. So I pick it up again and sling it over my shoulder, running up the two sets of stairs until I reach my room. I shove the door open to find my brother lying on my double bed, talking to someone

on his phone. I look over my shoulder to see my mum looking at me, waiting for my reaction.

"Why the hell is Kibwe in my room!?"

"Its not your room anymore honey. It's his. Since you've been gone we've had a bit of a swap.."

"WHAT! Why!? This has been my room for the past seventeen years!"

"I know darling. Time for change. Your now in the room next door to your fathers and mine."

"What the fuck! Why!?"

"Because.. We thought it'd be appropriate."

"Why? I want my old room back!"

"No. It's not healthy. No doubt you'd have been gazing into the garden, depressing yourself further about Merissa's disappearance."

"And so what! It's my right as her lover to do so!"

"No, its not. But I won't tackle that subject with you, I'll let.." she hesitates.. "I'll let Cerise deal with that."

"Sis! Your back! I thought you weren't coming home until tonight!?" Kibwe squeals, rolling off MY bed and running towards me to greet me with a suffocating bear hug.

"Hi Kibwe."

"Sorry, I kinda hijacked your room.. And your bed. Mum bunged me in here at short notice!"

"Oh don't worry, I don't blame you Kibwe. But her, on the other hand" I say, scowling at my mother, "her I DO blame."

"You've got a double bed in your room darling, better than that old thing."

"Mother, what's the point in having a double bed when I have no one to share it with?"

"Its not all about sharing it with someone! And you never know.. Eventually you might meet the right guy.. What about Howard?"

"Howard's a guy. Why on earth would I want him!?"

"Oh yeah, what's this I hear about you being a fanny phantom?" my brother says, setting himself off into hysterics at his lifeless insult.

"A what?" my mother and I reply shocked.

"You know.. A lesbian" he winks.

"Oh. Well, its just a phase" my mother answers.

"No, its not mother" I smile evilly. "Yes, you heard right dear brother. So watch out, I'll be after you're girlfriends" I wink back.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh.. Game on sis!"

"Bring it.. One-nil to me!" I grin.

"Whatever Di! Merissa was just desperate. She wants me and we both know it" he teases.

"Really? That's not what she was telling me a few weeks ago" I taunt back.

"Fine.. Fine! But I will thrash you in this competition!"

"Sure.. Sure.." I say, rolling my eyes and giggling.

"Err, Kibwe. What do you think your doing?"

"Umm.. I believe I'm having friendly banter with my younger sister?" he replies in his smartarse tone.

"No, I mean your encouraging her! Stop it! You know what I told you and how I feel about it."

"Oh ease up a little! So what? Your daughter likes boobs and bums, rather than.. Actually, I won't finish that sentence.." he laughs.

"So what!? SO WHAT!? Its disgusting!"

"Well, its not as if I haven't tried having a ride on a guy.."

"WHAT!?"

"Haha! Joking mother, joking. Your daughter here may be gay, but I am most definitely straight."

"Thank god for that. I don't think I can cope with two children going through a gay phase.."

"For the last time, its not a friggin phase! I like girls, get over it! Anyway, I'm doing to my room."

I charge out of my old room moodily and trot downstairs to the second floor where my new room is located. I don't think I've actually been in this room

for at least ten years.. Never had the need to. Used to be our play room but obviously we grew up and it became out of use. I slowly ease the door open and then recoil at the sight before me. Wow, this room is beautiful. There's a four poster bed at the far end of the room, with what I hope to be faux fur throws slung elegantly over it. There's a wall to wall window on my left which provides me a view over the front garden and the long driveway leading to our house. Great. Just great I think sarcastically. Oh well, I better get over this now than later. This was going to be my new room, whether I liked it or not. I walk over to the walls and give them a tap.. Hmmm, not too thin. A positive from having parents own such an expensive home.. At least the standard of the building is good. They won't hear anything from their room. I look up to the corners of the room and see a black oval attached to it with a flashing red light radiating from it. Aha, found the camera already. I hold my middle finger up to it and grab one of the fur throws from my bed. I quickly jog downstairs and into the kitchen. Once I've found the pins I'm looking for I grab two apples and take them back up to my

room with me. I pull the new looking one seater so that its directly below the camera and stand on it, then I lean down, grab the fur throw and hold it over the black dome. I dig into my pockets for a few pins and attach them to the roof. I grab a few more and securely press them into the roof. Good job, no one will be spying on me any time soon! I jump down and move the leather sofa to a different corner of the room. I start rearranging the furniture and don't realize that its starting to get dark outside.

"Umm honey.. Were about to eat dinner.. Want to join us?" my Mother asks.

"Nope. I'm fine, I've got two apples."

"That's not going to be enough, I really think you-"

"Mum, I said I'm fine!"

"Oh okay.. Well perhaps run yourself a nice relaxing bath" my mother smiles.

"Yeah, yeah maybe. I don't fancy using the main one across the hall so I'll do without thanks."

"Huh? Darling, you HAVE seen your en suite haven't you?"

"Umm.. No?" I reply, furrowing my brows.

"Haha, didn't think you would have. You never noticed as kids either. Look!" she says, pointing towards a white door, looking very much like a small cupboard.

"What, that? Over there?"

"Yes, go take a look. I'll leave you to it" she smiles.

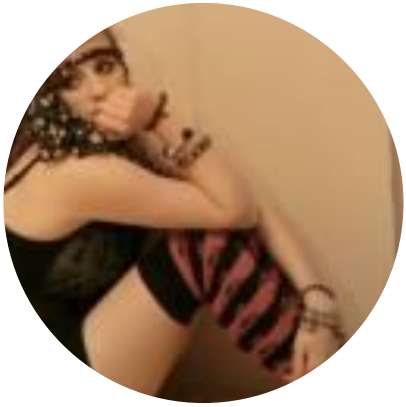
I walk towards the wooden door and open it hesitantly. I peek my head inside and gasp when I realise the sheer size of it. Jesus, its massive! Absolutely massive! To my left there's a two person shower with two many buttons for me to handle.. Then I look to my right and there's a toilet, sink and bidet.. Haha, why would I want a bum wash in my bathroom!? I giggle at it for a while but then my eyes are drawn to the massive bath in the middle of the room. I run over to it and peer inside.. I reckon I could get ten to fifteen people in that. It suddenly dawns on me that its not a bath and in fact a hot tub..

My very own hot tub. Wow! I dip my hand into the water and I'm pleasantly surprised to find its beautifully warm! I walk to the bathroom door, lock it and walk back to the hot tub. I pull my clothes off and scrape my hair into a messy ponytail. Hmm, wow. They've actually allowed me to have a lock.. How very daring of them.. Or perhaps they forget to take it off? Whatever the case, I'm not going to be complaining about it.

I plonk myself on one of the sides of the tub and dangle my feet into the water. An urge of serenity takes over me and I can feel my mind gathering my hundreds of thoughts and bundling them away into a place where I can't access them for a while. I slide myself into the water and close my eyes. My minds free, and I don't think or feel anything apart from the delight of the water crashing gracefully against my skin.. I can feel myself going, but I'm not prepared to get out of the tub, or at least move. Nope, it was final. I was staying here, whether it be awake OR asleep.

:)

About the Author



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